

THE ATHENÆUM.

OCTOBER 1, 1852.

GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. XV.

REVEREND DOCTOR LARDNER.

LARDNER, called at his baptism by the name of Dennis, amplified by his own classical taste to that of Dionysius, but by his compatriots generally pronounced as Dinnish, stands before you, gentle reader, cloaked and hatted in his usual guise. His chin is perked up *à l'ordinaire*, and his spectacled eyes beam forth wisdom. In order, we suppose, to illustrate some of the principles of his own treatise on mechanics, as published in the Cab., he generally takes the position of standing toes in, heels out, according to the cavalry regulations; and therefore so is he depicted in the opposite engraving. What bulk it is he carries under his cloak we know not, nor have we any grounds whereon to offer a conjecture. Bred in the Irish University, which is now so much abused and belabored by the Whigs and Radicals, as the *silent* sister,—more unjustly, indeed, in one point of view, for a more *spouting* university never existed, as Mr. Shiel can testify,—Lardner early obtained there great fame and eminence as a grinder; and published a work on differential calculus, which he wrote avowedly for the purpose of learning the science,—a pleasant process, which we opine is oftener practised than confessed. Not satisfied with this *modicum* of renown, he migrated, as his countrymen are fond of doing, one fine morning, to London. Perhaps he was annoyed at the superior airs assumed by the fellows of the college—a dignity which, we know not why, he never obtained—over all inferior grades. It is a saying of Tom Browne, that there is no greater man than a fellow in his college, and none smaller out of it; and even Thomas himself never sported a more veritable *dictum*. Certainly, the fellows of Trinity, Dublin, do not lose an inch of their height while parading in courts, presiding in commons, or dealing forth premiums or cautions at examinations; and we are the more confirmed in our opinion, that it was some slight on the part of some of these functionaries that has

laid London under the obligation of Dionysius' presence, by the fact, that he has more than once declared, he knew not the most famous among them, yea Charles Boyton himself (whom we mention *honoris causâ*,) even by name. 'As if,' exclaimed an indignant A.B.T.C.D., to whom this fact was communicated, 'a risidint Masthur of Thrinity Colledge did not know iviry wan of the fillows aqual to his own toes and fingers.' It certainly was a stretch of fancy on the part of our friend opposite to which the ignorance of Russell Square is but a trifle.

We find him, on arrival, at once a Professor in the University of London, called by ill-willers Cockney College, or some other name still more savory. Here he, with the true spirit of an Hibernian, threw himself, without delay, into the thick of the thousand-and-one fights with which that most pugnacious, or to use the old term, hoplomachic of universities immediately on its creation abounded, armed shillela in hand. We take it for granted that his ancient Tory partialities, exacerbated his bile against the Whigs; but whatever was the occasion, the consequence was that Dennis, after giving and taking as much punishment as would have been expected from Jem Word or Josh Hudson, was fairly floored at last, and obliged to quit the ring. Hereupon he commenced a literary Cab-driver, and has started his Cycloped, with various fortune, good or bad,—the former we trust, predominating. Of this great work we have had several occasions to speak already, and it is highly probable that many more will occur. We are sorry to learn that the impartiality of our strictures has sometimes ruffled the mind of our phylosophical friend; but we assure him that we wish him, and indeed all literary men, well; and if we censure, it is only with a view to his and their improvement in mind or morals. Around him he has gathered a various host, as diversified as those with whom Nonnus, in his thirteenth book, surrounds his hero.

But as our business is not now with the

—προμάχους ἡρώας, ἀγυριμοίτους Διωνύσιου,

as the epigraph has it, but with the leader himself,—we thus conclude our first Dionysiac.

THE LOVER OF MUSIC TO THE PIANOFORTE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

Oh, friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine!
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket, full of bliss,
Outvalues thee:
Love only, waken'd with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

To thee, when our full hearts o'erflow
With griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice.
Mirth flies to thee—and Love's unrest—
And Memory dear—
And Sorrow, with his tighten'd breast,
Comes for a tear.

Oh! since no joys of human mould
Thus wait us still,
Thrice bless'd be thine, thou gentle fold
Of peace at will.
No change, on sullenness, no cheat,
In thee we find:
Thy saddest voice is ever sweet,
Thine answers kind.

THE HOUR OF SONG.

BY REV. H. STEDING, M. A.

WHEN storms are brooding o'er the sea,
And thou my heart art beating free,
And dreams arise that are not bound
To wander on earth's chancel ground,
But forth the spirit springs to hold
Communion with the great of old,
Then let the night be still and long—
Then is the fittest hour of song.

'Tis then, though comes the spirit's bride!
 With love-born beauty at her side,
 And flashing thwart the gloom of night,
 Fills all the heart with heavenly light;
 While memories—dim, sweet memories rise,
 And groan beneath her wakeful eyes,
 Distinct and bright as forms that live
 In all the glory life can give.

And that we better feel within,
 What we and what the past have been;
 Shake off the change the world has taught,
 And be what God and nature wrought:—
 Then know we 'tis the hour of song!—
 Then walk we 'mid a glorious throng
 Of pure, bright spirits, crowned, like them
 With thought's imperial diadem!

JEREMY BENTHAM.

AND that grey-haired, venerable old man, whom all, who beheld him loved to look on, has turned to common earth, changed into unconscious gases and metals, never again to originate thoughts, such as those of which he has left behind him an ample store, and which will yet do their work in the regeneration of the world! This indeed gives a humbling sensation to the pride of man. That which was Bentham, has lost the power of thinking, and all that was human in the most kindly of earthly beings, is now of no more account than the material of the commonest reptile, which has passed away its existence, studying how to inflict the greatest portion of evil on its fellow-creatures, for the gratification of selfish passions. Yet it was a glorious thing to look on him while in life, to behold that nobly moulded head, that most benevolent face, in which almost childlike simplicity contended with godlike intellect, and both blended in universal sympathy, while his loose grey hair streamed over his shoulders, and played in the wind, as he pursued his evening walk of meditation, around the still garden wherein the patriot Milton was erst accustomed to contemplate. How has he been libelled amongst the unthinking herd, owing to their narrow comprehension of the word 'utility'! Loving all beauty, and as keenly alive to the perception of it as any Greek of the olden time, it has been held that he thought nothing worth pursuing, save the study of the regulation of supply and demand, for the commonest corporeal and mental wants. That he liked poetry, and was fond of

botany, is a sufficient answer to such a supposition. He wrote on abstruse matters, because he thought the comprehension of such matters essential to human happiness, but he did not, therefore, dislike the lighter sources of innocent pleasure. We shall not soon look upon his like. Even now, his hand writing of a few weeks' lapse is before us, clear, distinct, and comprehensive, at the age of eighty-five years; and it is with sorrow that we peruse it.

Others have possessed knowledge without its bringing forth the fruit of wisdom. The knowledge of Bentham was combined with wisdom of the most exalted class, and the most self-sacrificing beneficence. His outset in life was as an equity barrister, and the little practice which he attained to, was marked as the evidence of a high order of intellect. We know not his history farther back, but it must contain much matter of curious speculation. The most trifling acts and words of such a man are of importance,—to know the course from which so noble an intellect was fed,—whence the first rills of knowledge sprang. Happy will be the lot of that man to whom it shall be given to unfold the accurate biography of the most powerful advocate of the true interests of suffering humanity, who ever yet drew breath on English soil.

By the death of his father he attained independence, after, it is said, a somewhat penurious life: young, rich, and highly intellectual, and moreover of comely presence, a wide field of ambition opened to him, with the promise of a fruitful harvest in whatever sphere of public life he chose to pursue. But selfishness was abhorrent to him, and he clung only to sympathy. He abandoned the practice of mischievous laws, and retired wholly from public life in the flower of his age, to devote himself in seclusion to the unwearied study of those branches of knowledge which he held it essential to human happiness should be rightly comprehended. Through good report, and through evil report, he steadfastly pursued the object which his reason had analysed, and pronounced desirable. He turned neither to the right nor to the left either for praise or blame; fear dwelt not in him, and praise could not move him from his purpose; his reflection was that he individually might perish, but that his principles must survive, and though thrillingly alive to the approval of the discriminating amongst his fellow creatures, his integrity could not be stirred from the strict path of duty for the sake of gaining popularity. He gathered a rich harvest of wisdom to distribute in the charity of universal love and benevolence, without one selfish thought, without a prospect of personal gain. He wrought not for a nation, he wrought for the human race; he made them incalculably his debtors, yet, without heeding the amount, without ever adverting to it, he still continued laboring unceasingly for their benefit. The human race he considered as his children, and wayward as they were, he gave up his mind for their maintenance; a treasury not lightly to be exhausted. They are yet young, and they cannot appreciate the wealth he has left them. As they search into it, their surprise will increase. The mere fertility of his writings is in itself extraordinary, and a remarkable instance of what one man may

accomplish ; but when we reflect on the variety and profundity of knowledge they display, that each line, each word, is pregnant with thought, the strongest mind feels itself give way to the sensation of wonder.

Wisdom has too long been held to be synonymous with austerity—knowledge with supercilious dignity, at least amongst superficial people. The amiable and blameless life of Bentham has withered up that ancient lie. A childlike simplicity of manner, an engaging, affectionate disposition, and an unstudied habitual kindness of friendly intercourse, were his most conspicuous traits. He was a pure concentration of benevolence, seeking his only reward in the thrilling consciousness that he was doing universal good. In common intercourse he respected the feelings of the meanest equally with the highest. He never willingly gave pain, nor shrank from the infliction of it, or the suffering it, when he deemed it essential to the service of humanity. Never lived there a human being, in whom wisdom, knowledge, integrity and perfect love, were all so intimately blended, and so earnestly devoted to the service of a race, who, so far from thanking him for his labors, scarcely knew that he existed, and when they gleaned the knowledge, they in most cases used it for the purpose of vilifying him. So it must ever be till human intellect shall be more widely expanded than it is at present the case. The refined and honest man, who shrinks with disgust from pandering to the passions of the herd, cannot expect to be their idol, even if his nature would permit him to wish it.

While in life, his spirit had ever been devoted to the service of his fellows, and his last act was to devote his material frame to the same purpose, with the object of removing a mischievous prejudice which had been largely productive of evil to his fellows. We were present at the lecture read by his attached friend over his earthly remains, not to a large audience, but to an audience marked by all the external signs of a development of intellect, such as is rarely gathered together in one assembly. Whosoever looked around upon that audience must have remarked to his own mind, that the spirit which had animated the clay before him was not all dead. The sympathy was indeed deep. The voice of the lecturer was choked by his emotions.

The lightning flashed, and the thunder rolled, and the heavens wept while the oration was spoken over the mortal remnants of the benefactor of the human race, amidst the silence of his sorrowing friends. The superstition of the ancient days would have believed that his spirit was passing to heaven on the wings of the storm, and in those days a statue would have been raised to his memory, as to a god. They who knew him in life, know that the influence of his spirit rests around them, and upon them, and that his best sepulchral monument will be the increasing reverence of the human race. The latest joy he experienced in life was in the knowledge that the charter of the freedom of his fellow countrymen was sealed. It would seem as though he had lingered on but to behold the successful achievement

of the work to which he had so mainly contributed, ere his spirit left his frame, as though he had apostrophised his country—' Let now thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation !' The chords of sympathy have been rudely strained by his loss, though the days he had numbered were many.

We have given insertion to the above remarks without entering at present into that more detailed criticism which the works of Bentham require, and will shortly receive, at our hands ; nor have we commented on the manner in which this wonderful man collected and built up, from the opinions he found dispersed and scattered, a systematic and stupendous pile of his own.

And now, it is hardly possible to conclude this article without drawing something like a comparison, not only between the two eminent men we have been speaking of, but between the manner—in which each passed his existence. One * we see distinguishing himself almost as a boy—distinguishing himself how variously !—in the closet as the author ; at the bar or the chair as the philosopher ; in the seat of justice as the judge ; on the bench of the House of Commons as the orator and the legislator—versatile, eloquent, persevering. He dies after a long career, and all of a sudden he appears to us to have been rather squandering away his time and abilities than purchasing from them any solid happiness or real glory. Nothing remains of him : he has perished ; nor can we believe that in the fret and fever of a life which belied his character, for the life was active, and the character indolent, he found that pleasure which a calm philosophy should have brought. His speeches may be ransacked by some youthful orator to find materials for his own ; but to the great bulk of mankind they exist no longer ; and even if they did, there is necessarily so much that is personal and passing ; so much of the spirit of party ; of the desire for power, in a political career, that the pure beauty of the doctrine is sullied and effaced by the passions of the individual. How much more holy, how much more satisfactory, if it were in the ordinary possibility of man to obtain it, were that intellectual retirement, in which every treasure that the mind acquires is accumulated and retained for a great and immortal purpose—a purpose which gives a general tone to every feeling, an universal character to every thought ; which makes of the Philosopher's mind the mirror of the Universe—a purpose such as was that of Mr. Bentham's life—the benefit of mankind—the instruction of the human race !

* Sir James Mackintosh.

PETER SIMPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON FOSTER.

IF I cannot narrate a life of adventurous and daring exploits, fortunately I have no heavy crimes to confess, and if I do not rise in the estimation of the reader for acts of gallantry and devotion in my country's cause, at least I may claim the merit of humble and unobtrusive continuance in my vocation. We are all of us variously gifted from above, and he who is content to walk, instead of running, his allotted path through life, although he may not so rapidly attain the goal, has the advantage of not being out of breath upon his arrival. Not that I mean to infer that my life has not been one of adventure. I only mean to say, that in all which has occurred, I have been a passive, rather than an active, personage; and if events of interest are to be recorded, they certainly have not been sought by me.

As well as I can recollect and analyze my early propensities, I think that, had I been permitted to select my own profession, I should in all probability have bound myself apprentice to a tailor; for I always envied the comfortable seat which they appeared to enjoy upon the shopboard, and their elevated position, which enabled them to look down upon the constant succession of the idle or the busy, who passed in review before them in the main-street of the country town, near to which I passed the first fourteen years of my existence.

But my father, who was a clergyman of the Church of England, and the youngest brother of a noble family, had a lucrative living, and a 'soul above buttons,' if his son had not. It has been from time immemorial the heathenish custom to sacrifice the greatest fool of the family to the prosperity and naval superiority of the country, and at the age of fourteen I was selected as the victim. If the custom be judicious, I had no reason to complain. There was not one dissentient voice, when I was proposed before all the varieties of my aunts and cousins, invited to partake of our new-year's festival. I was selected by general acclamation. Flattered by such an unanimous acknowledgment of my qualification, and a stroke of my father's hand down my head which accompanied it, I felt as proud, and alas! as unconscious, as the calf with gilded horns, who plays and mumbles with the flowers of the garland which designates his fate to every one but himself. I even felt, or thought I felt, a slight degree of military ardor, and a sort of vision of future grandeur passed before me, in the distant vista of which I perceived a coach with four horses and a service of plate. It was, however, driven away before I could decipher it, by positive bodily pain, occasioned by my elder brother Tom, who having been directed by my father to snuff the candles, took the opportunity of my abstraction to insert a piece of the still ignited snuff into my left ear. But as my story is not a very short one, I must not dwell too long at its commencement. I shall therefore inform the reader, that my father, who lived in the north of England, did not think it right to fit me out at our country-town, near to which we resided; but about a fortnight after the decision to which I have referred, he forwarded me to London on the outside of the coach, with my best suit of bottle-green and six shirts. To prevent mistakes I was booked in the way-bill 'to be delivered to Mr. Thomas Handycock, No. 14, St. Clement's-lane—carriage paid.' My parting with the family was very affecting; my mother cried bitterly, for, like all mothers, she liked the greatest

fool which she had presented to my father, better than all the rest; my sisters cried because my mother cried; Tom roared for a short time louder than all the rest, having been chastised by my father for breaking his fourth window in that week;—during all which, my father walked up and down the room with impatience, because he was kept from his dinner, and like all orthodox divines, he was tenacious of the only sensual enjoyment permitted to his cloth.

At last I tore myself away. I had blubbered till my eyes were so red and swollen, that the pupils were scarcely to be distinguished, and tears and dirt had veined my cheeks like the marble of the chimney-piece. My handkerchief was soaked through with wiping my eyes and blowing my nose, before the scene was over. My brother Tom, with a kindness which did honor to his heart, exchanged his for mine, saying with fraternal regard, 'Here, Peter, take mine, it's as dry as a bone.' But my father would not wait for a second handkerchief to perform its duty. He led me away through the hall, when having shaken hands with all the men and kissed all the maids, who stood in a row with their aprons to their eyes, I quitted my paternal roof.

The coachman accompanied me to the place from whence the coach was to start. Having seen me securely wedged between two fat old women, and having put my parcel inside, he took his leave, and in a few minutes I was on my road to London.

I was too much depressed to take notice of anything during my journey. When we arrived in London, they drove to the Blue Boar, (in a street the name of which I forget.) I had never seen or heard of such an animal, and certainly it did appear very formidable; its mouth was open and teeth very large. What surprised me still more was to observe that its teeth and hoofs were of pure gold. Who knows, thought I, that in some of the strange countries which I am doomed to visit, I may fall in with and shoot one of these terrific monsters? with what haste shall I select those precious parts, and with what joy should I, on my return, pour them as an offering of filial affection into my mother's lap!—and then, as I thought of my mother, the tears again gushed into my eyes.

The coachman threw his whip to the ostler and the reins upon the horses' backs; he then dismounted, and calling to me, 'Now young gentleman, I'se a waiting,' he put a ladder up for me to get down by; then turning to a porter, he said to him, 'Bill, you must take this here young gem'man and that ere parcel to this here direction. Please to remember the coachman, Sir.' I replied that I certainly would, if he wished it, and walked off with the porter; the coachman observing, as I went away, 'Well, he is a fool—that's sartin.' I arrived quite safe at St. Clement's-lane, when the porter received a shilling for his trouble from the maid who let me in, and I was shown up into a parlor, where I found myself in company with Mrs. Handycock.

Mrs. Handycock was a little meagre woman, who did not speak very good English, and who appeared to me to employ the major part of her time in bawling out from the top of the stairs to the servants below. I never saw her either read a book or occupy herself with needle-work, during the whole time I was in the house. She had a large grey parrot, and really I cannot tell which screamed the worst of the two—but she was very civil and kind to me, and asked me ten times a-day when I had last heard of my grandfather, Lord Privilege. I observed that she always did so if any company happened to call in during my stay at her house. Before I had been there ten minutes, she told me that she

'hadored sailors—they were the defendours and preservours of their kings and countries,' and that 'Mr. Handycrack would be home by four o'clock, and then we should go to dinner.' Then she jumped off her chair to bawl to the cook from the head of the stairs—'Jemima, Jemima!—ve'll ha'e viting biled instead of fried.' 'Can't marm,' replied Jemima, 'they be all hegged and crumbed, with their tails in their mouths.' 'Vell, then, never mind Jemima,' replied the lady.—'Don't put your finger into the parrot's cage, my love—he's hapt to be cross with strangers. Mr. Handycrack will be home at four o'clock, and then we shall have our dinner. Are you fond of viting?'

As I was very anxious to see Mr. Handycrack, and very anxious to have my dinner, I was not sorry to hear the clock on the stairs strike four; when Mrs. Handycrack again jumped up, and put her head over the bannisters, 'Jemima, Jemima, it's four o'clock!' 'I hear it marm,' replied the cook; and she gave the frying-pan a twist, which made the hissing and the smell come flying up into the parlor, and made me more hungry than ever.

Rap, tap, tap! 'There's your master, Jemima,' screamed the lady. 'I hear him marm,' replied the cook. 'Run down, my dear, and let Mr. Handycrack in,' said his wife. 'He'll be so surprised at seeing you open the door.'

I ran down as Mrs. Handycrack desired me, and opened the street door. 'Who the devil are you?' cried Mr. Handycrack in a gruff voice; a man about six feet high, dressed in blue cotton-net pantaloons and Hessian boots, with a black coat and waistcoat. I was a little rebuffed, I must own, but I replied that I was Mr. Simple. 'And pray, Mr. Simple, what would your grandfather say, if he saw you now? I have servants in plenty to open my door, and the parlor is the proper place for young gentlemen.'

'Law Mr. Handycrack,' said his wife, from the top of the stairs, 'how can you be so cross? I told him to open the door to surprise you.' 'And you have surprised me,' replied he, 'with your cursed folly.'

While Mr. Handycrack was rubbing his boots on the mat, I went up stairs again, rather mortified, I must own, as my father had told me that Mr. Handycrack was his stock-broker, and would do all he could to make me comfortable; indeed he had written to that effect in a letter, which my father showed to me before I left home. When I returned to the parlor, Mrs. Handycrack whispered to me, 'Never mind my dear, it's only because there's something wrong on 'Change. Mr. Handycrack is a bear just now.' I thought so too, but I made no answer, for Mr. Handycrack came up stairs, and walking with two strides from the door of the parlor to the fire-place, turned his back to it, and lifting up his coat-tails, began to whistle.

'Are you ready for your dinner, my dear?' said the lady, almost trembling.

'If the dinner is ready for me. I believe we usually dine at four,' answered her husband gruffly.

'Jemima, Jemima, dish up! do you hear Jemima?' 'Yes, marm,' replied the cook, 'directly. I've thickened the butter;' and Mrs. Handycrack resumed her seat with 'Well Mr. Simple, and how is your grandfather, Lord Privilege?' 'He is quite well ma'am,' answered I, for the fifteenth time at least. But dinner put an end to the silence which followed this remark. Mr. Handycrack lowered his coat tails and walked down stairs, leaving his wife and me to follow at our leisure.

'Pray ma'am,' inquired I, as soon as he was out of hearing, 'what is the matter with Mr. Handycrack, that he is so cross to you?'

'Vy, my dear, it is one of the misfortunes of matrimony, that ven the husband's put out, the wife is sure to have her share of it. Mr. Handycrack must have lost money on 'Change, and then he always comes home cross. Ven he vins, then he is as merry as a cricket.'

'Are you people coming down to dinner?' roared Mr. Handycrack from below. 'Yes my dear, replied the lady, 'I thought that you were washing your hands.' We descended into the dining-room, where we found that Mr. Handycrack had already devoured two of the whittings, leaving only one on the dish for his wife and me. 'Would you like a little bit of viting, my dear?' said the lady to me. 'It's not worth halving,' observed the gentleman, in a surly tone, taking the fish up with his own knife and fork, and putting it on his plate.

'Well I'm so glad you like them, my dear,' replied the lady meekly; then turning to me, 'there's some nice roast *veal* coming, my dear.'

The *veal* made its appearance, and fortunately for us, Mr. Handycrack could not devour it all. He took the lion's share, nevertheless, cutting off all the brown, and then shoving the dish over to his wife to help herself and me. I had not put two pieces in my mouth before Mr. Handycrack desired me to get up and hand him the porter-pot, which stood on the sideboard. I thought that if it was not right for me to open a door, neither was it for me to wait at table—but I obeyed him without making a remark.

After dinner, Mr. Handycrack went down to the cellar for a bottle of wine. 'O deary me,' exclaimed his wife, 'he must have lost a mint of money—we had better go up stairs and leave him alone; he'll be better after a bottle of port, perhaps.' I was very glad to go away, and being very tired, I went to bed without any tea, for Mrs. Handycrack dared not venture to make it before her husband came up stairs.

The next morning Mr. Handycrack appeared to be in somewhat better humor. One of the linendrapers, who fit out cadets, &c. 'on the shortest notice,' was sent for, and orders given for my equipment, which Mr. Handycrack insisted should be ready on the day afterwards, or the articles would be left on his hands; adding that my place was already taken in the Portsmouth coach.

'Really, sir,' observed the man, 'I'm afraid—on such very short notice—'

'Your card says "the shortest notice,"' rejoined Mr. Handycrack, with the confidence and authority of a man who is enabled to correct another by his own assertions. 'If you do not choose to undertake the work, another will.'

This silenced the man, who made his promise, took my measure and departed, and soon afterwards Mr. Handycrack also quitted the house.

What with my grandfather and the parrot, and Mrs. Handycrack wondering how much money her husband had lost, running to the head of the stairs and talking to the cook, the day passed away pretty well till four o'clock; when, as before, Mrs. Handycrack screamed, the cook screamed, the parrot screamed, and Mr. Handycrack rapped at the door, and was let in—but not by me. He ascended the stairs with three bounds, and coming into the parlor, cried 'Well Nancy, my love, how are you?' Then stooping over her, 'Give me a kiss, old girl, I'm as hungry as a hunter. Mr. Simple, how do you do? I hope you have

passed the morning agreeably. I must wash my hands and change my boots, my love ; I am not fit to sit down to table with you in this pickle. Well, Polly, how are you ?

'I'm glad you're hungry, my dear, I've such a nice dinner for you,' replied the wife, all smiles. 'Jemima, be quick and dish up—Mr. Handycrack is so hungry.'

'Yes, marm,' replied the cook ; and Mrs. Handycrack followed her husband into his bed-room on the same floor, to assist him at his toilet.

'By Jove, Nancy, the *bulls* have been nicely taken in,' said Mr. Handycrack, as we set down to dinner.

'O I am so glad!' replied his wife, giggling; and so I believe she was, but why I did not understand.

'Mr. Simple,' said he, 'will you allow me to offer you a little fish?'

'If you do not want it all yourself, sir,' replied I politely.

Mrs. Handycrack frowned and shook her head at me, while her husband helped me. 'My dove, a bit of fish?'

We both had our share to-day, and I never saw a man more polite than Mr. Handycrack. He joked with his wife, asked me to drink wine with him two or three times, talked about my grandfather ; and, in short, we had a very pleasant evening.

The next morning all my clothes came home, but Mr. Handycrack, who still continued in good humor, said that he would not allow me to travel by night that I should sleep there and set off the next morning, which I did at six o'clock, and before eight I had arrived at the Elephant and Castle, where we stopped for a quarter of an hour. I was looking at the painting representing this animal with a castle on its back; and assuming that of Alnwick, which I had seen, as a fair estimate of the size and weight of that which he carried, was attempting to enlarge my ideas so as to comprehend the stupendous bulk of the elephant, when I observed a crowd assembled at the corner, and asking a gentleman who sat by me in a plaid cloak, whether there was not something very uncommon to attract so many people; he replied, 'Not very, for it was only a drunken sailor.'

I rose from my seat, which was on the hinder part of the coach, that I might see him, for it was a new sight to me, and excited my curiosity; when to my astonishment he staggered from the crowd, and swore that he'd go to Portsmouth. He climbed up by the wheel of the coach, and sat down by me. I believe that I stared at him very much, for he said to me, 'What are you gaping at, you young sculpin? Do you want to catch flies? or did you never see a chap half seas over before?'

I replied, 'that I had never been at sea in my life, but that I was going.'

'Well, then, you're like a young bear, all your sorrows to come—that's all my hearty,' replied he. 'When you get on board, you'll find monkey's allowance—more kicks than half-pence. I say, you pewter carrier, bring us another pint of ale.'

The waiter of the inn, who was attending the coach, brought out the ale, half of which the sailor drank, and the other half threw into the waiter's face, telling him that was his 'allowance ; and now,' said he, 'what's to pay?' The waiter, who looked very angry, but appeared too much afraid of the sailor to say anything, answered fourpence ; and the sailor pulled out a handful of bank notes, mixed up with gold, silver,

and coppers, and was picking out the money to pay for his beer, when the coachman, who was impatient, drove off.

'There's cut and run,' cried the sailor, thrusting all the money back into his breeches pocket. 'That's what you'll larn to do, my joker before you have been two cruizes to sea.'

In the meantime, the gentleman in the plaid cloak, who was seated by me, smoked his cigar without saying a word. I commenced a conversation with him relative to my profession, and asked him whether it was not very difficult to learn. 'Larn,' cried the sailor, interrupting us, 'no; it may be difficult for such chaps as me before the mast to larn, but you, I presume, is a reefer, and they an't got much to larn, 'cause why? they pipeclays their weekly accounts, and walks up and down with their hands in their pockets. You must larn to chaw baccy, drink grog, and call the cat a beggar, and then you knows all a midshipman's expected to know now-a-days. Ar'n't I right, sir?' said the sailor, appealing to the gentleman in a plaid cloak. 'I axes you, because I see you're a sailor by the cut of your jib. Beg pardon, sir,' continued he, touching his hat, 'hope no offence.'

'I am afraid that you have nearly hit the mark, my good fellow,' replied the gentleman.

The drunken fellow then entered into conversation with him, stating that he had been paid off from the *Audacious*, at Portsmouth, and had come up to London to spend his money with his messmates; but that yesterday he had discovered that a Jew at Portsmouth had sold him a seal as a gold seal, for fifteen shillings, which proved to be copper, and that he was going back to Portsmouth to give the Jew a couple of black eyes for his rascality, and that when he had done that, he was to return to his messmates, who had promised to drink success to the expedition at the *Cock and Bottle*, St. Martin's Lane, until he should return.

The gentleman in the plaid cloak commended him very much for his resolution; for he said that although the journey to and from Portsmouth would cost twice the value of a gold seal, yet, that in the end, it might be worth a *Jew's eye*. What he meant I did not comprehend.

Whenever the coach stopped, the sailor called for more ale, and always threw the remainder which he could not drink into the face of the man who brought it out for him, just as the coach was starting off, and then tossing the pewter pot on the ground for him to pick up. He became more tipsy every stage, and the last from Portsmouth, when he pulled out his money, he could find no silver, so he handed down a note, and desired the waiter to change it. The waiter crumpled it up and put it in his pocket, and then returned the sailor the change for a one pound note; but the gentleman in the plaid had observed that it was a five pound note which the sailor had given, and insisted upon the waiter's producing it and giving the proper change. The sailor took his money, which the waiter handed to him, begging pardon for the mistake, although he colored up very much at being detected. 'I really beg your pardon,' said he again, 'it was quite a mistake;' whereupon the sailor threw the pewter pot at the waiter, saying, 'I really beg your pardon, too,'—and with such force, that it flattened upon the man's head, who fell senseless on the road. The coachman drove off, and I never heard whether the man was killed or not.

After the coach had driven off, the sailor eyed the gentleman in the plaid cloak for minute or two, and then said, 'When I first looked at you I took you for some officer in mufti; but now, that I see that you look

so sharp after the rhino, it's my idea that you're some poor devil of a Scotchman, mayhap second mate of a merchant vessel—there's half-a-crown for your services—I'd give you more, if I thought you would spend it.'

The gentleman laughed, and took the half-crown, which I afterwards observed that he gave to the grey-headed beggar at the bottom of Port-down Hill. I inquired of him how soon we should be at Portsmouth; he answered that we were passing the lines; but I saw no lines, and I was ashamed to show my ignorance. He asked me what ship I was going to join. I could not recollect her name, but I told him it was painted on the outside of my chest, which was coming down by the waggon; all that I could recollect was that it was a French name.

'Have you no letter of introduction to the captain?' said he.

'Yes, I have,' replied I; and I pulled out my pocket-book in which the letter was. 'Captain Savage, H. M. ship *Diomedé*,' continued I, reading to him.

To my surprise he very coolly proceeded to open the letter, which, when I perceived what he was doing, occasioned me immediately to snatch the letter from him, stating my opinion at the same time that it was a breach of honor, and that in my opinion he was no gentleman.

'Just as you please, youngster,' replied he. 'Recollect, you have told me I am no gentleman.'

He wrapped his plaid around him, and said no more; and I was not a little pleased at having silenced him by my resolute behavior.

When we stopped, I inquired of the coachman which was the best inn. He answered, 'that it was the Blue Postesses, where the midshipmen leave their chestesses, call for tea and toastesses, and sometimes forget to pay for their breakfastesses.' He laughed when he said it, and I thought that he was joking with me; but he pointed out two large blue posts at the door next the coach-office, and told me that all the midshipmen resorted to that hotel. He then asked me to remember the coachman, which by this time I had found out implied that I was not to forget to give him a shilling, which I did, and then went into the inn. The coffee-room was full of midshipmen, and as I was anxious about my chest, I inquired of one of them if he knew when the waggon would come in.

'Do you expect your mother by it?' replied he.

'O no! but I expect my uniforms—I only wear these bottle-greens until they come.'

'And pray what ship are you going to join?'

'The *Die-a-maid*—Captain Thomas Kirkwall Savage.'

'The *Diomedé*—I say, Robinson, a'n't that the frigate in which the midshipmen had four dozen a piece for not having pipe-clayed their weekly accounts on the Saturday?'

'To be sure it is,' replied the other; 'why, the captain gave a youngster five dozen the other day for wearing a scarlet watch-ribbon.'

'He's the greatest Tartar in the service,' continued the other; 'he flogged the whole starboard watch the last time that he was on a cruize, because the ship would only sail nine knots upon a bowling.'

'O dear!' said I, 'then I'm very sorry that I'm going to join him.'

'Pon my soul I pity you: you'll be fagged to death; for there's only three midshipmen in the ship now—all the rest ran away. Didn't they, Robinson?'

'There's only two left now—for poor Matthews died of fatigue. He

was worked all day, and kept watch all night for six weeks, and one morning he was found dead upon his chest.'

'God bless my soul!' cried I, 'and yet on shore they say he is such a kind man to his midshipmen.'

'Yes,' replied Robinson, 'he spreads that report everywhere. Now, observe, when you first call upon him, and report your having come to join his ship, he'll tell you that he is very happy to see you, and that he hopes your family are well—then he'll recommend you to go on board and learn your duty. After that, stand clear. Now recollect what I have said, and see if it does not prove true. Come, sit down with us and take a glass of grog, it will keep your spirits up.'

These midshipmen told me so much about my captain, and the horrid cruelties which he had practised, that I had some doubts whether I had not better set off home again. When I asked their opinion, they said that if I did I should be taken up as a deserter and hanged; that my best plan was to beg his acceptance of a few gallons of rum, for he was very fond of grog, and that then I might perhaps be in his good graces, as long as the rum might last.'

I am sorry to state that the midshipmen made me very tipsy that evening. I don't recollect being put to bed, but I found myself there the next morning with a dreadful head-ache, and a very confused recollection of what had passed. I was very much shocked at my having so soon forgotten the injunctions of my parents, and was making vows never to be so foolish again, when in came the midshipman who had been so kind to me the night before. 'Come, Mr. Bottlegreen,' he bawled out, alluding I suppose to the color of my clothes, 'rouse and bitt. There's the captain's coxswain waiting for you below. By the powers, you're in a pretty scrape for what you did last night!'

'Did last night!' replied I, astonished. 'Why, does the captain know that I was tipsy?'

'I think you took devilish good care to let him know it when you were at the theatre.'

'At the theatre! Was I at the theatre?'

'To be sure you were. You would go, do all we could to prevent you, though you were as drunk as David's sow. Your captain was there with the admiral's daughters. You called him a tyrant, and snapped your fingers at him. Why, don't you recollect? You told him that you did not care a fig for him.'

'O dear! O dear! what shall I do? what shall I do?' cried I. 'My mother cautioned me so about drinking and bad company.'

'Bad company, you whelp—what do you mean by that?'

'Oh I did not particularly refer to you.'

'I should hope not! However, I recommend you as a friend, to go to the George Inn as fast as you can, and see your captain, for the longer you stay away the worse it will be for you. At all events, it will be decided whether he receives you or not. It is fortunate for you that you are not on the ship's books. Come, be quick, the coxswain is gone back.' 'Not on the ship's book,' replied I sorrowfully. Now I recollect there was a letter from the captain to my father, stating that he had put me on the books.'

'Upon my honor, I'm sorry—very sorry indeed,' replied the midshipman—and he quitted the room, looking as grave as if the misfortune had happened to himself. I got up with a heavy head, and heavier heart, and as soon as I was dressed, I asked the way to the George Inn.

I took my letter of introduction with me although I was afraid it would be of little service. When I arrived, I asked, with a trembling voice, whether captain Thomas Kirkwall Savage, of H. M. ship *Diomedé*, was staying there. The waiter replied, that he was at breakfast with Captain Courtney, but that he would take up my name. I gave it to him, and in a minute the waiter returned and desired that I would walk up. O how my heart beat—I never was so frightened—I thought I should have dropped on the stairs. Twice I attempted to walk into the room, and each time my legs failed me: at last I wiped the perspiration from my forehead, and with a desperate effort I went into the room.

‘Mr. Simple, I am glad to see you,’ said a voice. I had held my head down, for I was afraid to look at him, but the voice was so kind, that I mustered up courage; and when I did look up, there sat with his uniform and epaulets, and his sword by his side, the passenger in the plaid cloak, who wanted to open my letter, and who I had told to his face that he was *no gentleman*.

I thought I should have died as the other midshipman did upon his chest. I was just sinking down on my knees to beg for mercy, when the captain perceiving my confusion, burst out into a laugh, and said, ‘So you know me again, Mr. Simple? Well, don’t be alarmed, you did your duty in not permitting me to open the letter, supposing me, as you did, to be some other person, and you were perfectly right under that supposition, to tell me that I was not a gentleman. I give you credit for your conduct. Now sit down and take some breakfast.’

‘Captain Courtney,’ said he to the other captain, who was at the table, ‘this is one of my youngsters just entering the service. We were passengers yesterday by the same coach.’ He then told him the circumstance which had occurred, at which they laughed heartily.

I now recovered my spirits a little—but still there was the affair at the theatre, and I thought that perhaps he did not recognize me. I was, however, soon relieved from my anxiety by the other captain inquiring, ‘Were you at the theatre last night, Savage!’

‘No; I dined at the admiral’s; there’s no getting away from those girls, they are so pleasant.’

‘I rather think you are a little—*taken* in that quarter.’

‘No, on my word! I might be if I had time to discover which I liked best; but my ship is at present my wife, and the only wife I intend to have until I am laid on the shelf.’

Well, thought I, if he was not at the theatre, it could not have been him that I insulted. Now if I can only give him the rum, and make friends with him.

‘Pray, Mr. Simple, how are your father and mother?’ said the captain.

‘Very well, I thank you, sir, and desire me to present their compliments.’

‘I am obliged to them. Now I think the sooner you go on board and learn your duty the better.’ (Just what the midshipman told me—the very words, thought I—then it’s all true—and I began to tremble again.)

‘I have a little advice to offer you,’ continued the captain. ‘In the first place, obey your superior officers without hesitation; it is for me, not you, to decide whether an order is unjust or not. In the next place, never swear or drink spirits. The first is immoral and ungentlemanlike, the second is a vile habit which will grow upon you. I never touch

spirits myself, and I expect that my young gentlemen will refrain from it also. Now you may go, and as soon as your uniforms arrive, you will repair on board. In the mean time, as I had some little insight into your character when we travelled together, let me recommend you not to be too intimate at first sight with those you meet, or you may be led into indiscretions. Good morning.'

I quitted the room with a low bow, glad to have surmounted so easily what appeared to be a chaos of difficulty; but my mind was confused with the testimony of the midshipman, so much at variance with the language and behavior of the captain. When I arrived at the Blue Post, I found all the midshipmen in the coffee-room, and I repeated to them all that had passed. When I had finished, they burst out laughing, and said that they had only been joking with me. 'Well,' said I to the one who had called me up in the morning, 'you may call it joking, but I call it lying.'

'Pray Mr. Bottlegreen, do you refer to me?'

'Yes, I do,' replied I.

'Then, sir, as a gentleman, I demand satisfaction. Slugs in a saw-pit. Death before dishonor, d——e.'

'I shall not refuse you,' replied I, 'although I had rather not fight a duel; my father cautioned me on the subject, desiring me, if possible, to avoid it, as it was flying in the face of my Creator; but aware that I must uphold my character as an officer, he left me to my own discretion, should I ever be so unfortunate as to be in such a dilemma.'

'Well, we don't want one of your father's sermons at second hand,' replied the midshipman, (for I had told them that my father was a clergyman,) the plain question is, will you fight or will you not?'

'Could not the affair be arranged otherwise?' interrupted another. 'Will not Mr. Bottlegreen retract?'

'My name is Simple, sir, and not Bottlegreen,' replied I: and as he did tell a falsehood, I will not retract.'

'Then the affair must go on,' said the midshipman. 'Robinson, you will oblige me by acting as my second.'

'It's an unpleasant business,' replied the other, 'you are so good a shot; but as you request it, I shall not refuse. Mr. Simple is not, I believe, provided with a friend.'

'Yes, he is,' replied another of the midshipmen. 'He is a spunky fellow, and I'll be his second.'

It was then arranged that we should meet the next morning with pistols. I considered that as an officer and a gentleman, I could not well refuse, but I was very unhappy. Not three days left to my own guidance, and I had become intoxicated, and was now to fight a duel. I went up into my room and wrote a long letter to my mother, inclosing a lock of my hair; and having shed a few tears at the idea, of how sorry she would be if I were killed, I borrowed a bible of the waiter, and read it during the remainder of the day.

(To be continued.)

THE SOUGHT, FOUND, AND LOST.

WHY should not unmarried men be distinguished from the less interesting portion of their sex, by some designation equivalent to that usual among us? Why are they always Mr., while we change from Miss to Mrs.? Many distressing mistakes would be obviated if this were arranged—much less expenditure of time and money saved. All mothers of daughters are aware of the awkwardness to which they are at present liable, from finding themselves occasionally necessitated, either to remain in ignorance whether a new male acquaintance be married or not, or else expose themselves to a supposition of all others the most to be avoided—namely, that of any anxiety whatsoever on the point. I know such embarrassments do not very often occur; and yet there *are* occasions, when you are left to 'follow a trail, so indistinct, that it might baffle the most experienced Indian, or English, husband-hunter.

Some time since I was travelling through the south of Italy—for my health, as mamma told papa, but, in reality, to run down game which we had started in Switzerland, but which afterwards escaped us. I did not think it a very promising affair, for my own part; but mamma said she was sure of success, and I knew she had never failed with any of my elder sisters. The man had not been very uncivil to me during an intimacy of some months, and this gave me high spirits; and so, on we scampered over hills and down vallies. Papa sometimes wanted to stop to see the curiosities; but mamma would not hear of it, averring, it was as much as my life was worth, to defer for a day my journey to a warm climate; and I used to cough whenever papa awoke in the carriage, to corroborate mamma's account of the delicate state of my chest.

We flew through Italy; and were I a sentimental young lady, I should doubtless give a charming account of the glories of nature and of art which we passed on our journey; but I candidly admit, I could never see any good in a country walk, or drive, but might afford opportunity for a declaration. I have been well brought up by a sensible mamma, and shall not discredit her lessons. I like the observation of the Frenchman to his pastoral friend, in extasies over a flock of sheep, browsing at a distance—'perhaps out of the whole, there was not one tender.' I want to know the real utility of being romantic. I cannot fall in love with the marble Apollo, nor any of his set. I had rather see a living man, with a well-cut coat on his back, and a pair of trousers, the most in fashion on his limbs. So, I shall only say, we reached Naples. Mr. W. had just left the town, no one could tell us for what destination. We sent scouts abroad, in various directions, and, while awaiting their reports, I had another good opportunity for sonnet-writing—and sonnets I certainly should have indited, had I the slightest no-

tion they could have assisted me in getting married. But I recollected that even Sappho, in despair of finding a husband, drowned herself—and I thought there might be as many Phaons to be met with as then.

Our scouts returned, without any tidings of our run-away. Mamma declared her intention of striking into the Abruzzi. Papa expostulated with her upon the danger of venturing into a country overrun with banditti, who might frighten poor Emily to death, in her present delicate state of health; and mamma was suffering him to buzz on without minding him, when a carriage drove up to the door. A gentleman alighted, and mamma clapping her hands, cried out, 'Emily!' The gentleman at once recognized her, and the next moment our marked victim was in the room. The hotel was crowded. Mamma offered Mr. W. the use of our room and table. He was delighted, and passed the whole evening with us. I returned his first salutations quite regally. I afterwards sat near papa, gave him my undivided attention, and did my utmost to amuse him—circumstances which, I saw, very much surprised poor papa. 'My nonsensical Emily and her papa are great flirts,' said mamma, smiling at Mr. W.

'Oh, I protest against such monopoly on the part of Mr. H.,' he replied.

Mamma laughed. I wonder how any single man on earth could venture so decided an expression in the presence of such a mother. She would marry a man ten times over on less than that.

Days and weeks passed, and still we all lived together, and still Mr. W. was civil and no living creature could be more easy, and more free from all apprehensions of us. He showed none of that standing-on-guard manners of other single men, who are always on the *qui vive*, like a besieged town in constant fear of a *coup-de-main*. Either he liked me, and met his fate voluntarily, or he was a more simple person than we had taken him for. But now the question was, 'Why don't he declare himself?' and a morning did come, when he actually, after looking expressively at us, called papa to take a turn with him! Judge how delighted mamma and I were: there could be but one subject between him and papa, whom he very naturally considered a dead bore; and how we did congratulate each other on this brilliant achievement!—how we described, for mutual gratification, his two seats in two of the best neighborhoods in England—and his town-house—and his carriages—and new horses—and liveries! How proud mamma expressed herself of such a daughter! and how I, as in duty bound, gave her the credit of it all, as my instructress first, and afterwards my ally!

'I wonder they don't come back, Emily, my love—why they have been gone a whole hour and a half!'—as she spoke, papa re-appeared—alone. 'Well,' said mamma, 'well; what have you done with Mr. W.?—of course you told him how flattered we all felt!'—'Flattered?' rejoined papa, 'I don't see anything so very flattering in it, my dear,'—'No my dear! from a man of his consequence? why, you must be raving mad my dear.'—'Well, my dear!' answered papa, in a deprecating tone, 'I dare say you know best; only on Emily's account I thought—'

'What on earth are you talking about, Mr. H.? you are never very easily understood, my dear, but I protest I find you quite incomprehensible at present. Do you or do you not agree that Mr. W. would be a great match for any girl?'—'To be sure I do, my dear.'—'Very well, my dear, then surely we are both agreed in thinking his proposal flattering?'—'Of course, my dear, you are the best judge: only I feared you might not like it, that's all my dear—no harm done.'—'You really are enough to drive one frantic, Mr. H.! Will you have the kindness to tell me from the beginning what Mr. W. said to you this morning?'—'To be sure, my dear: I can have no objection: only don't hurry me so, as I may forget. First, he began by expressing the greatest regard for me and my family: and he said, my dear, that you were a superior woman, and Emily a charming girl.'—'Good beginning, isn't it, Emily, my love?' I nodded. 'Well, my dear go on!'—'Yes, my dear, but I don't recollect where I was.'—'That I was a superior woman, my dear.'—'Oh, aye; and what next?—yes; that he was very peculiarly situated; that he looked on it as a most fortunate circumstance having met my family; and that, from the great kindness we had shown him, he was induced to ask a favor of me.'—'Well that was putting the thing very handsomely, I must say—what, Emily?' I nodded again. 'Now my dear, to get on a little faster, will you?'—'I am, my dear, getting on as fast as I can. Then he talked a long while about women being hard upon one another. 'But,' says he 'I'm sure Mrs. H. does not not think in that way; indeed, she told me as much herself; and then, my dear, he said *you* said you could countenance a woman who had been talked of about a man before being married to him—did you say so, my dear?'—'Tush to be sure I did, because I know he has the character of being a little dissipated, and if he thought he married into a family that took such things quietly, he would have less hesitation about us.'—'Oh, well; I suppose that was what put it into his head my dear.'—'Put what into his head?'—'To ask you my dear to visit his wife.'—'Visit his what?'—'His wife, my dear.'

Mamma's and my consternation may be imagined. The man after whom we had travelled hundreds of miles, and spent hundreds of pounds in chase of, neglecting, for him, all other chances—that man was married!—and to his mistress, too!—We soon bid adieu to scenes fraught with recollections of failure and mortification, and returned to spend a triste winter in the tiresome old mansion in Nottinghamshire. But although mamma has experienced one check in her hitherto brilliant career, she is too good a general to feel utterly discomfited: and we propose taking the field again, early in spring, to seek, find, and keep, the next time, what we sought, and found, 'tis true, but also—*lost*, the last time.

AN ADVENTURE.

Unto

Mr. Leitch Ritchie, of London,
These,

DEAR SIR,—I duly acknowledge receipt of the half-crown, and of a copy of the *Athenæum* literary paper, which has been regularly sent me ever since. The title of this work is even as a sweet savor to the scholar, recalling literary glories of the city of Cecrops, and associated with the names of the Cilician philosopher, and of him who is sur-named Naucratis, the author of the learned treatise *De Deipnosophistis*. Nevertheless, I am concerned to find that the editor is altogether neglectful of the ideas which no doubt suggest themselves every time he casts his eye upon the paper; and it is for the purpose of putting him in mind of his duty, and of showing him how to combine recreation with instruction, that I send, for the amusement of the readers of the *Athenæum*, the inclosed Dissertation on the Greek Particles. It will not fill more than half a number, or at most two thirds, and I demand for it ten shillings and sixpence; but, lest the conductors of a fourpenny paper should be startled by such a price, I inclose a brief narrative as before, which I hope you will think worth half-a-crown of the money.

As for your charge of pedantry, it is as unfounded as the expression used by Scaliger to denote a pedant—*grammaticaster*—is low and base Latin. However, I ought rather to pity your ignorance than upbraid your presumption, convinced as I am that the editor of a paper with so Attic a name as the *Athenæum* will perceive at a glance that I am more *grammaticus* than *grammatista*. P. P.

The Answer.

DEAR SIR,—I regret to have to communicate to you an afflicting calamity, which has befallen your Dissertation on the Greek Particles. One evening while enjoying its perusal, I was seized with an unaccountable drowsiness, and before I had reached the third page fell fast asleep. I dreamed that I was under the hands and birch of a remorseless pedagogue, and writhed and started so emphatically, that the candle was overturned and set fire to the precious manuscript which burned, like the diamond, without leaving a residue, so that there is not one particle extant of your Greek Particles!

This, however, was no fault of yours, and I send you the money demanded; but as the sum is a serious loss to a poor devil of an author like myself, I hope you will speedily fall in with a third adventure and make some allowance in your charge. L. R.

THE ADVENTURE.

WHEN the flames of the burning of Bristol were extinguished, the turmoil of the city gradually subsided, and silence reigned, co-heir with desolation. The

house, more especially, at the top whereof was my abode, resembled a ruin. window glass had been shivered by the heat; and from the blackened walls, cracked and rent here and there, the inhabitants fled in disgust. Many of them besides—of those who had got clear off with their goods—owed arrears of rent; and this providential calamity, as they presumed, cancelled their debt to Cæsar. Thus it happened, from one cause and another, that I was left alone in the desolate tenement.

No one came to ask me for my weekly sixpence—and of a truth, the charge would now have hardly been warranted by the accommodation; for the roof had in some places given way, and exposed me to 'skyeey influences,' more applicable to the concerns of poetry than of human comfort. I had some thoughts at length of quitting the house; but the temptation of lodging rent free confined me to my roost.

One evening, while sitting musingly listening to the distant noises of the street, I heard suddenly the unaccustomed sound of a heavy footstep on the stair. Upward it came—tramp—tramp,—its echoes rumbling through the deserted mansion, till at last it stopped on my own landing-place. First it passed into one room, then into another, the doors opening and shutting with a sound that made my heart quake—for this late visiter, whose approach was like the approach of one having authority, I thought must surely be the landlord! Finally the heavy footstep paused at the threshold of my apartment, and the door flying open, a tall man muffled in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood before me.

'You are Peregrine Peters?' demanded he.

'My name is *Peregrinus* Peters.'

'Why not *Petrus* also? Because you disclaim the qualities of a rock?'

'Except its poverty and barrenness.'

'Well, said he, with a hard and bitter smile, 'You are poor at any rate and I think you simple, if not honest. Can you keep a secret?'

'If it burthen not my conscience,' replied I, 'I will keep it; but, if it touches the shedding of blood—'

'Why the shedding of blood?' I could not answer the question. I had been looking in the stranger's face, and the idea presented itself. 'What I require of you,' said he, after a pause, 'is a simple affair. You are to receive this into your custody;' putting into my hands a small box, of fine wood inlaid with silver, and resembling a case of mathematical instruments, only somewhat larger—'which you will deliver, unopened, into the hands of one who will come here to demand it of you. The person I allude to will ask no questions, and you are to promise solemnly to me, that you will not answer the questions of any other.'

'Why do you ask this of me?' demanded I in surprise. 'What connexion, or acquaintance is there between us, that you should choose a poor grammarian for your agent?'

'A public writer,' replied he, with the same smile I had noticed before, should not wonder at his being known to all the world. At any rate, you are only a stranger among strangers, and it is no more surprising that I should choose you than another. You are poor, secluded from the prying world, and, perhaps, honest. This is sufficient for my purpose. Allow this box to remain with you; keep the terms I have appointed; and when you deliver it up you shall receive a reward, in coined money, that shall content you.' The stranger had no sooner thrown down the small box than he turned upon his heel and suddenly left the apartment; and in another minute, the echoes of his footsteps died away in the distance.

The whole affair did not take more time than I have spent in telling; and I declare to you, that after the stranger had disappeared, I thought for more than one minute, it was nothing better than a trick of the imagination. The box, however, remained, and this was tangible enough. It was about half a foot in length, and of an oblong figure, but scarcely so heavy as a case of instruments of the size. It was, notwithstanding, handsome enough outside with its silver mountings; and after I had grown weary of turning it over and over, and tor-

mented myself so long as was possible with conjectures, as to the nature of its contents ; I set it upon the mantel-piece for an ornament, and went to bed.

The next morning, before I was well up, the landlord, and a troop of surveyors and masons were in the room to examine into the state of the premises, with a view to repair the house. Their attention was speedily attracted by the box ; which was, indeed, a comely object, and the more remarkable, that with the exception of my truckle, or trundle bed, there was only a deal table in the apartment, and a chair of mahogany, that looked, however, as well as ebony. Presently they began to whisper, one with another, and to look with a strange sidelong look at me. I was, indeed, troubled at the expression of their eyes, and rejoiced when they at last departed.

An hour had scarcely elapsed when my attention was caught by a small quick foot upon the stair, and presently a little boy broke hastily into the room.

'Master,' said he, (for he was an ancient pupil of mine,) 'if you have stolen the box, run for your life !' I was thunderstruck with surprise at the lad's audacity.

'Come,' continued he, 'you have no time to stand staring ; for the case, they say, at the police, is clear against you. You were seen prowling up and down on the night of the fire, and lo ! there is suddenly found in your room a silver box filled with bank notes to the lip !' It was clear enough, indeed, if the box contained money—which was not impossible from the unlucky stranger's harping so much about my honesty, I should certainly suffer death ; and if, on the other hand, its contents were documents of importance, was it not my duty, as well as my interest, to make every effort to fulfil the tacit engagement into which I had been driven ?

'Boy !' said I suddenly, 'I am an innocent grammarian, but I must yield to fate.'

'To fate ? What is fate ?—a halter ?'

'*Fatum est quod dii fantum*—Adieu !' and hastily wrapping up my property in my pocket-handkerchief, and concealing as well as I was able the ill-omened box in the breast of my coat, I rushed into the street.

My grand object was to get clear of the town, till the noise of the event should die away ; and seeing a countryman, whose son I had taught the humanities, riding homewards in his cart, I persuaded him to let me mount beside him. I soon, however, repented me of this plan, for methought every eye was turned upon me. I knew not whether my conscious imagination may not have played me a trick on the occasion ; but, at any rate, my tall and spare figure, philosophic countenance, and raiment of decent black, that I had received as a gift from my grandmother on reaching man's estate, might well have attracted attention, perched upon the front of a turnip cart.

As we got further and further from the town, the curiosity of the passers by seemed to increase. This awakened the attention of the countryman with whom I rode ; and perceiving that I was an unwelcome passenger, I got down and crept away along the side of a hedge.

Having walked till I was weary and faint, I stopped near a village, and went into the church-yard to rest. I had not been long seated when some boys, and afterwards some women, came to look at me. They were especially struck with the appearance of the box which lay beside me ; and the females, after communing together in an indignant manner, threw such glances towards me as made my flesh creep.

'I tell you they are surgical instruments,' I could hear them exclaim, as they walked tumultuously away. 'It is plain enough what he is prowling here for, and why, of late, folk cannot rest in the village, even in their graves ! Bide a bit !' added the terment, shaking her clenched hand at me, as they left the consecrated ground.

I did not abide ; for I have observed that one might as well be suspected of robbing a woman of her living child, as of her dead ; and in either case, there is no animal in the creation, more fierce, bloody and relentless. I made my way over the wall ; and wrapping up the box in my bundle, (which I regreted I had

not done at first,) skirted round the village, and regained the road at some distance beyond it.

I was at length faint with hunger, as well as weary and way-sore, and went into an ale-house to comfort the carnal man. There were a good many countrymen and pedestrian travellers in the room: but I was rejoiced to find from their conversation that the news from Bristol had not reached so far, and I pleased myself with the thoughts that I might quaff my ale in peace. I had no sooner laid down my bundle, however, than a mastiff-dog—may he die the death!—came smelling to it with more than human curiosity. In vain I removed it; in vain I drove him away; in vain I bribed him with bread, and even cheese—he only became more eager; and, at length, with a sudden spring, catching at the bundle with his teeth, he dragged it down, and the wretched box rolled upon the floor. At this sight, the monster sprang upon me, with a yell, that might have alarmed the dead, and had not the company come to my rescue, he would certainly have torn me to pieces. Even when beaten away by his master, he crouched himself before me at some distance, in the attitude of springing, and while his eyes were rivetted upon me, emitted, every now and then, a short smothered howl that made me tremble.

All this, no doubt, seemed very surprising to the guests; and they began to converse apart: I thought it, therefore, better to depart; and, with a heavy heart, I buttoned my coat upon the accursed box, and, shouldering my bundle, trudged away.

Before I had done communing with myself, on the strange fatality of which I appeared to be the sport, the shadows of the twilight came gloomily down upon the earth, and I was right glad to reach a village. As I was entering the inn, an old gentleman was just coming out.

‘Have you got the box?’ said he, quickly laying his hand upon my shoulder. My heart leaped to my mouth; I grew sick, and felt as if about to fall.

‘That is not the porter, sir,’ remarked a servant in livery; ‘but the box is found, and already on the coach.’ Relieved, and yet ashamed, I went into the house. There were no dogs, Heaven be praised! and the guests took but little notice of me.

‘I say my friend,’ said the servant in livery, who had come in soon after me, ‘what was the matter with you when master asked after the box? Why you looked all sorts of sky blue!’

‘We have some guess of that!’ remarked two men entering the room. I thought I should have swooned, and the words of the celebrated ballad came ding-dong in my ears—

“And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist!”

These men, however, were persons who had seen me at the last public-house, and had no authority to apprehend me. Nevertheless, they so grieved and alarmed me by their hints and half-charges, that I could stay no longer in their company, but retired to the room where I was to pass the night. Just then a thought of deliverance suddenly came into my head. I saw by the moonlight, that the yard behind the house, opened upon a wood, and I determined instantly to go there and bury this fatal box till it would be required of me by the appointed person.

Gliding down stairs, I reached the wood unobserved. Here it occurred to me, that if one would bury, he must have wherewithal to dig; and, while pausing in perplexity, I lost the opportunity, for two persons came so suddenly from the interior of the wood, that I had scarcely time to conceal myself behind a tree before they were upon the very spot where I had stood. They were a young lady and a young gentleman; and, having so premised, I need hardly say that they were engaged in some love conspiracy.

‘I would implore you, dearest,’ said the young man, ‘to fly with me for the second time, but alas! I am no longer so able as I have been to protect you.’

‘Why not?’ demanded the girl, in alarm—‘I understood that you had completely recovered from your wounds.’ The lover, withdrawing his left arm from his cloak, held it up. It was without a hand! His mistress all but fainted.

'On that dreadful evening,' said he, when we were pursued to Scotland by your father and your suitor Sir M——, while waiting in a bedroom to arrange my dress, till the person who was to join our hands was found, I saw a man come in, and carry away my cloak. The thought passed through my mind, that it was a servant who wanted to brush it; but after a while, it struck me, as being a little odd, that in so miserable a public-house they should think of doing so without orders; and presently the idea flashed across my brain like lightning, that the man resembled one of Sir M——'s servants! I rushed to the door—and found that I was locked in. Knowing well the character of the resolute and quick-minded villain, a suspicion arose, which even now I cannot think of without horror. I threw myself repeatedly against the door, and at length succeeded in bursting it open. You were not in the room where I had left you. You had been torn from almost my very grasp—but when I was informed that your only companion in the carriage was your father, I blessed heaven for its mercy; I threw myself upon a horse, and swept after you like the wind. I overtook Sir M——, who was riding alone after the carriage; and when he saw me at his side, he pulled in and dismounted immediately. We both walked into a wood-cutter's shed by the road-side. 'What is your pleasure?' said he. 'To settle for ever our dispute,' was my reply; and, pulling out my pistols, I gave him his choice. He took one on the instant, and, presenting it at my breast, pulled the trigger. It missed fire. I lost a moment in surprise and horror, and that moment was fatal. He caught up a hatchet from the ground. In one instant I was down, and in another my hand was severed, and I fainted.'

During this recital the young lady was dissolved in tears.

'Did the suspicion you have hinted at,' said she, after a while, 'never recur to you? It was correct! In the dusk, I may almost say in the dark, bewildered in mind, ashamed, and terrified—wretch that I am!—I believed I saw you enter the room wrapped in your cloak; and, clinging to you for support, I hid my face on your shoulder. I became a wife—the wife of Sir M——, and from that moment have never seen my husband!' The rage of the young man at this intelligence became so ungovernable, that his mistress drew him back into the wood to prevent his cries from being heard at the house. The last words I could hear her say were these—'There is yet some hope—I have more to tell you—' when her voice was lost in the distance, and, leaving these unhappy lovers to their sorrow, I returned to my chamber.

In the middle of that night, when I was dreaming that the accursed box, expanded to the size of a tombstone, was lying upon my breast—I was suddenly awakened by a glare of light falling upon my eyes. I thought I beheld an apparition, and my bones trembled, and the hair of my head stood up.

'Old man,' said the lady of the wood, 'be not afraid. Give me the box! I have only this instant heard a report that it is in your possession.' Recovering my presence of mind, I demurred to the demand, on the score of my uncertainty of her being the person appointed to receive it.

'Here are my testimonials,' said she, 'read this note.' It ran thus;—'You will find, at No. 13, Fag-end Lane, Bristol, in the possession of a schoolmaster, a simple fellow, who is too great a fool to be a rogue, a box, in or-moulu, the contents of which, as young ladies say, will enchant you. I send you the key of the box, and I give you the trouble to go so far to open it, that I may have time to get out of your way, by a vessel which sails in a day or two for—the island of the Blest.' I could no longer doubt, and drawing the fateful box from beneath my pillow, the young lady opened it with a trembling hand. A strongly perfumed note lay upon the top, which she eagerly read thus:

'I am not so unconscionable as to play the dog in the manger. Being about to quit this country for ever, I cannot enjoy your fortune, which is tied up; and as for your person, I never cared about it. Lest, however, you should be scared from matrimony by a bugbear, (for, in reality, our marriage was never consummated,) and imagine that, being rather a whimsical person, I may return one day to claim your hand, I now put into your possession the evidence of a hand which will effectually exclude me from the pleasure of your society, at least in England. This I owe to the daughter of that man of whom I have made, for

some years past, so egregiously an ass. Present it, with my compliments, to your romantic lover, if he be still alive.

'Your ex-husband, M——.'

My curiosity was now excited to such a pitch, that, sitting up in the bed, I seized upon the other contents of the box, which were wrapped in coarse paper and dragged them forth without ceremony. And what do you think they were? A human hand! a cold, dead, livid, gory, ghastly hand! I declare to you, I should have swooned with horror, had not the lady prevented me, by breaking into such screams of hysterical laughter as brought the whole house about us in their chemises. The situation was awkward. At my time of life one does not like to have young ladies caught in one's room—not to talk of the injury such a circumstance might do to a follower of the scholastic profession.

Nevertheless, I was comforted by the sum of coined money I received in the morning; and all I can tell further on the subject of the lovers is contained in the following paragraph, extracted from a Bristol newspaper: 'The reports of a certain wealthy heiress having been married to Sir M—— are, it appears, incorrect. She eloped, yesterday, with an old sweetheart; and her father, it is said, tired of the whims of a marriageable daughter, has determined to receive the young couple into his good graces.'

A TIGER HUNT.

AFTER breakfast, a party of five started in gigs, and drove to the village, where we mounted our elephants, and entered the forest. We found immense quantities of game, wild hogs, hog-deer, spotted deer, and the niel-ghie (literally, blue cow.) I also saw here, for the first time, the jungle-fowl, or wild poultry, in appearance something between the game-cock and bantam. We, however, strictly abstained from firing, reserving our whole battery for the nobler game, the tiger. It was perhaps fortunate we did not find one in the thick part of the forest, as the trees were so close set, and so interwoven with thorns and parasite plants, that the elephants were often obliged to clear themselves a passage by their own pioneering exertions. It is curious, on these occasions, to see the enormous trees these animals will overthrow. On a word from the Mahout, they place their foreheads against the obnoxious plant, twisting their trunks round it, and gradually bending it towards the ground until they can place a foot upon it—this done, down comes the tree with crashing stem and upturned roots. The elephant must be well educated to accomplish this duty in a *gentleman-like* manner, that is, without roaring sulkily, or shaking his master by too violent exertions.

On clearing the wood, we entered an open space of marshy grass, not three feet high: a large herd of cattle were feeding there, and the herdsman was sitting, singing, under a bush—when, just as the former began to move before us, up sprung the very tiger to whom our visit was intended, and cantered off across a bare plain, dotted with small patches of bush-jungle. He took to the open country in a style which would have more become a fox than a tiger, who is expected by his pursuers to fight, and not to run; and, as he was flushed on the flank of

the line, only one bullet was fired at him ere he cleared the thick grass. He was unhurt, and we pursued him at full speed.* Twice he threw us out by stopping short in small strips of jungle, and then heading back after we had passed; and he had given us a very fast burst of about two miles, when Colonel Arnold, who led the field, at last reached him by a capital shot, his elephant being in full career. As soon as he felt himself wounded the tiger crept into a close thicket of trees and bushes, and crouched. The two leading sportsmen overran the spot where he lay, and as I came up I saw him through an aperture rising to attempt a charge. My mahout had just before, in the heat of the chase, dropped his ankoo,* which I had refused to allow him to recover; and the elephant, being notoriously savage, and further irritated by the goading he had undergone, became, consequently, unmanageable:—he appeared to see the tiger as soon as myself, and I had only time to fire one shot, when he suddenly rushed with the greatest fury into the thicket, and falling upon his knees, nailed the tiger with his tusks to the ground. Such was the violence of the shock, that my servant, who sat behind in the kawas, was thrown out, and one of my guns went overboard. The struggles of my elephant to crush his still resisting foe, who had fixed one paw on his eye, were so energetic, that I was obliged to hold on with all my strength, to keep myself in the howdah. The second barrel, too, of the gun, which I still retained in my hand, went off in the scuffle, the ball passing close to the mahout's ear, whose situation, poor fellow, was anything but enviable. As soon as my elephant was prevailed upon to leave the killing part of the business to the sportsmen, they gave the roughly-used tiger the coup-de-grace.

TRAVELS IN MALTA AND SICILY.

IN our extracts we shall avoid those subjects which, like Mount Ætna, have been described till the description wearies, and select some topics which are less hacknied, and will be more amusing to our readers.

The following account of the fortifications on (and *in*) the rock of Gibraltar, is very interesting:—

* The first object of peculiar interest which meets us is an old Moorish tower. It seems to stand as a war-worn sentinel, to the dark and fearful passages in the mountain-bosom, which stretch beyond. By whom the tower was erected is not ascertained. It probably is a monument of the first successful descent of the Moors, in 711. * * *

† Taking up the line of march, we entered a subterranean path leading under the wall of the garrison, and soon came to the first passage within the solid crust of the rock. It is a vaulted horizontal shaft, of one hundred and fifty feet in length. We emerge from it to enter another called Wyllis' Gallery. The length of this

* An iron goad to drive the elephant.

† *Travels in Malta and Sicily, with Sketches of Gibraltar, in 1827. By Andrew Bigelow.*

is something more than a hundred yards, and its breath from three to five. It is dimly lighted through the embrasures for cannon; and what with this dubious sort of day, and the nature of the objects displayed around,—heavy ordnance reposing on iron frames, piles of balls, bombs, and other terrible missiles, and doors communicating ever and anon with inner chambers filled with warlike stores,—the feelings excited by the survey are anything but cheerful.

‘Mounting still higher, we come to a longer and more extraordinary excavation called the Windsor Gallery. It extends very nearly a tenth of a mile; and, like the former, has been entirely blasted by powder. Enough of the rock on the outer side remains to serve as a parapet, or shield, impervious to ball, even could cannon be brought to bear against it. But its elevation places it above the reach of the longest shot; so that those who serve its guns in times of siege, are perfectly secure from the reach of assailants. They have only to pour down upon the defenceless heads of invaders showers of grape and shells.

‘Besides these passages, there are several other galleries lined with artillery, and wrought with extraordinary toil within the outer shell of the massive rock. Staircases occasionally occur, hewn with great regularity; also flues and perpendicular shafts for ventilation and other purposes. Of the magazines, there seems no end.

‘There are two or three spacious and lofty apartments, which altogether in boldness of design, and beauty of finish, perhaps, surpass the other wonders of these interior constructions. The most remarkable of these is called Saint George’s Hall. It is a stupendous excavation from the heart of a turreted crag, which juts naturally from the surface of the mountain. Externally, it has much the appearance of an artificial tower. Within, an apartment forty yards in circuit, and proportionably lofty, has been hewn with incredible labor. The rock forming the walls and flooring has been perfectly smoothed. But half a dozen yawning port-holes, and a circular funnel leading through the roof for the escape of smoke, sufficiently indicate that other purposes than those of mere beauty were consulted in this curious structure. Six cannon of tremendous calibre (sixty-four pounders,) are stationed here, ready to discharge their thunders on any daring besieger by land or flood. They are so nicely poised as to be capable, with a little exertion, of being pointed in any direction.

‘Some idea of the extent of the excavations may be formed from the fact, that they are sufficient to receive at once the entire garrison of Gibraltar; and the troops composing it are never less than five thousand. Not only in the galleries would the latter be completely covered from an enemy’s fire, but also in passing along the few open paths edging the surface of the rock, and which communicate between one subterranean post and another. For these paths are all guarded by high parapets of solid masonry, so that even the movements of the soldiery along them, or the carriage of their munitions, could not be perceived by assailants at the foot of the rock.’

Aqueduct at La Valetta.

We came in sight of the noble aqueduct which supplies La Valetta. The route lay along it for several miles, and I had an opportunity of surveying and admiring that most useful construction. I have omitted to observe that though the houses of the city and suburbs are all provided with private cisterns,—every drop of rain-water being carefully preserved by means of pipes, conducting from the terraced roofs to the proper reservoirs,—yet the supply of water was found by no means adequate to the wants of a large and increasing population. Much inconvenience, and at times, actual suffering was the consequence. To provide against such scarcity, Vignacourt, a grand master of great public spirit and munificence, commenced, in an early period of his administration, the aqueduct just alluded to, and finished it, entirely at his private cost, in 1616. By this conveyance an unfailling supply of salubrious water is brought from a central spot of the island called Diar Chandal, over a line of many thousand noble arches extending not less than thirteen miles, and terminating in a grand reservoir in Palace-square. Conduits are thence made to take the fountain water into all the public and private tanks of the city. The work being partially decayed, the

grand master Roahn undertook its repair about the year 1780; and the whole now displays perfect solidity. Such a costly structure shows the riches which must have flowed into the private coffers of the Grand Masters of the order of St. John.

Archimedes.

'The memory of Archimedes appears to be universally venerated at Syracuse. From the familiar but respectful mention made of him, he seems to have belonged to an age as recent as that of Franklin; and one is almost tempted in meeting with an aged Syracusan to ask if he did not remember seeing the philosopher in his youth. At any rate, the impression left by his name here is more vivid, apparently, than that associated by us with Franklin. The walls of the conversazioni room are covered with pictures of his mechanical exploits. One is very spirited, and represents his lifting, with his famous levers and grapples, the galleys of Marcellus from the water, and then sinking, or dashing them against the rocks.

'The road winding up a gentle slope at length intersected another, called the Street of Sepulchres, from its leading in a narrow defile between hills faced on either side with ancient tombs. Near the entrance of this passage, and about one hundred yards from the spot traditionally remembered as the place of the Agragian Gate, stands the tomb of Archimedes. The locality agrees very well with the description given of it by Cicero. The ancients were in the habit of burying their dead without the walls of their cities; and the sepulchres of Syracuse came up to its very gates on this quarter. "There is," says the Roman orator, "close by the Agragian port, a vast number of tombs. Examining them with care, I perceived a monument a little elevated above a thicket, whereon was inscribed the figure of a cylinder and sphere. Immediately I said to the Syracusan nobles who attended me, "That this must be the tomb of which I was in search."

'We alighted to take a nearer view of it. In front, is a narrow strip of cultivated, unfenced ground; and just at the entrance a few brambles and rank weeds were growing. The tomb is excavated from a native bed of rock, the face of which, naturally projecting, is shaped about the opening into a rude Doric front with pilasters and a pediment. No traces of the inscription are visible, nor is this to be wondered at, for even in the time of Cicero, the characters were partially worn away. The entrance of the tomb is sufficiently high to allow a person of full stature to walk in without stooping. The interior is of moderate dimensions. It is truly "the dark and narrow house." In a recess on the right, large enough to receive a modern lead coffin, the remains of the philosopher are supposed to have been laid; but the sarcophagus, if any there were, has long since disappeared. On the opposite side are full-length receptacles for bodies; and fronting the entrance there are smaller depositories, cut like the others from the solid rock, and adapted for urns, or the coffins of children. The tomb appears to have been the family sepulchre of Archimedes; but the ashes of the human forms, which once filled its niches, have for ages been dispersed to the four winds.

'The hill, at the foot of which this tomb has been opened, is a vast ledge of rock slightly covered with shrubs and grass. Following the path at its base, I perceived a great many other tombs yawning from its sides, the "*magna frequentia sepulchrorum*," spoken of by Cicero."

The Fountain of Arethusa.

'This spring, celebrated from remote antiquity, has other pretensions to consideration than the attractions which it owes to the muse. It is a wonderful fountain in itself, gushing up with great copiousness near the sea, and forming a respectable rivulet from its very source. It rises in a grotto naturally arched, with a firm roof of stone, so strong that the outer street of the city, a sort of boulevard, is carried directly over it. The spot is not farther from the sea, in a straight line, than twelve or fourteen yards. The current pours over a rocky ledge into a circular pool, whence it issues, tumbling and foaming as it goes, till reaching the sea-wall, when it leaps headlong into the briny deep. The waters at their source are exceedingly clear and fresh, but they are not permitted to retain

their purity even to the end of their short and rapid course. Anciently, it was venerated with divine honors, and a company of nymphs was specially set apart to guard it. Now, it is daily profaned by another set of personages, the common laundresses of Syracuse, who make no scruple to wash their 'lots' of clothes in in its waters.

'It is a curious fact that another copious spring rises from the bottom of the harbor, at some distance from the shore, with so much force that the water retains its freshness almost to the very surface. The position is marked by little eddies and bubbles always distinguishable in calm weather; and even when the harbor is ruffled with winds, the water which is drawn up from a little beneath the surface, and just over the site of the spring, is found sufficiently pure for drinking.

'As the second fountain lies in the direction towards Greece, it has been seriously thought by many to justify the poetical conceit of the ancients, that the river Alpheus, after flowing through Elis in vain pursuit of the coy Arethusa, then disappearing under the sea and continuing his course for five hundred miles, rises in this place to join the fugitive nymph. For it is deemed equally heterodox to dispute the tradition, either that the submarine fountain is the Grecian Alpheus, or that the Syracusan Arethusa is the same with that of Elis. In support of these opinions it is alledged, that leaves and flowers, natives of Greece, have risen on the surface of the Sicilian spring; and that a golden cup, won at the Olympic games, and thrown into the Elian Arethusa, was afterwards brought up by this at Syracuse. Strabo devoted a page to a grave discussion of the philosophy and likelihood of the tale.'

The Earthquake of 1783 at Messina.

'The earthquake of 1783 was fraught with horrors which, even at this distant day, it is shuddering to contemplate. Memorials of its disasters are still visible in different parts of Messina. A portion of the beautiful Marina,—all of which was either shattered or destroyed,—retains the effects, only partially disguised, of that tremendous visitation. There was scarce a structure in the city which was exempt from some injury. The edifices which have since arisen are built more firmly, and generally not so lofty as before; and their beams are made to protrude through the walls to prevent any sudden dislodgment by the violent oscillation of the ground in future shocks. How far the precaution will avail, there has been no opportunity of determining hitherto by conclusive evidence.

'The earthquake,—I should rather say, the series of earthquakes,—of 1783, gave no sign nor prelude of its approach. Stories are told of the domestic animals having had a premonition of the event; and it is affirmed that the howling of dogs in the streets of Messina was so violent that they were ordered to be killed. But it is difficult to comprehend by what sense they could have received an intimation of such an evil impending; and admitting the fact, it is certain that the citizens suspected nothing in the portent. The onset of the earthquake was as sudden as the explosion of a mine,—nay, instantaneous as the lightning's flash. It commenced on the 5th of February, and exclusive of the shocks of that day, there were others particularly appalling on the 7th of the same month, and again on the 25th of March, besides innumerable minor shocks.

'Dreadful as was the catastrophe to Messina, the city was only the first to encounter the brunt of a calamity which was destined to involve a whole province in ruin. The seat of the earthquake was transferred to the opposite shore, and its greatest energies appear to have been concentrated near the centre of Calabria. But the effects were felt far and wide. It rocked the whole breadth of the peninsula, and extended its ravages north and south over a space of ninety miles. Forty thousand inhabitants perished; and the number is almost incredible of the towns, villages, and separate edifices which were shattered, if not totally demolished. Of some not a vestige remained, for the ground opened and swallowed them up. History records no earthquake, which,—taking into view the vehemence and destructiveness of the shocks, the length of their duration, and the vast field of their operations,—may be deemed a full parallel with this. Others there have been,—mighty, desolating, terrific;—but the earthquake of 1783, in the entire combination of its horrors, stands unexampled.'

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD ADMIRAL.

Given in a series of Letters to his Son, a Midshipman on board His Majesty's Ship Reform.

MY DEAR TOM;

You ask me to give you a history of the olden time in our service, and I do it with the more pleasure, as my observations may be useful to you in the course of your professional career. Your grandfather, you know, was an admiral; therefore you are the third generation of your family in the navy. Your uncles and myself were brought into the service partly from inclination and partly by the force of circumstances. A naval education requires little capital, consequently no great risk is incurred. If we die in seasoning, we are provided for; if we live, we may make cork jackets for our parents. This was my father's consolation, and, I believe, neither he nor I ever repented of the choice we had made. How time flies! it's half a century since I first cracked a biscuit on board a man-of-war. I was but a little bit of a chap, to be sure—not eight years old—when I buckled on a ship's bayonet round my waist, and had nearly lost my life by this early act of ambition. I incautiously approached the gangway, and was in the very act of tumbling headlong into the briny tide, when the boatswain's mate caught me by the arm, and, under Divine providence, was the means of saving me to see many strange things in this world. But before I enter on 'old stories,' not of rope and canvass, but of memory, I must tip you a bit of preface.

I can remember being carried in my nurse's arms. I remember an officer in the army asking her whose pretty little boy that was, that she was loaded with, (query, did he not mean whose pretty little girl she was?) for I was full two years old; and I remember he gave me a piece of silver the size of a halfpenny, which I, at that time, called a 'white halfpenny.' The maid put this in her pocket for safe keeping, and I remember when I asked for it again, she gave me a 'copper.' I roared for my 'white halfpenny,' but never saw it more. The next thing I remember was going to a day school, where the master took it into his thick head that he could teach me how to handle my spoon to eat my bread and milk; but his practical lessons were so extravagant, that even at this moment I look back with rage when I see the old glutton bolting my breakfast; his lessons and my appetite were so much at variance, that I ever after preferred my solitary meal.

How it happened I know not, but such is the fact, that the nurses and I never could agree. I was twice under the instruction of two old geese, the last was a Frenchman, who had forgotten his own vernacular, and had failed to acquire mine, so here I came to a dead stand still for some months. This ended in a mutual distaste for each other. I hated him because he smelt of snuff, and always wore the same breeches; he hated me because I could not learn. He stuck me down in the middle of the school-room on my knees, with a huge Bible in my two hands, there to remain until I had got a certain number of verses by rote; but this tyranny was put an end to; my father very soon discovered not only my incapacity but that of my teacher, and that I could read out of no book but 'Thomas Dilworth's Universal Spelling Book,' and very little of that. He very wisely thought that as I should, in all human probability, make a fool of myself, I had better do it on board, so off I went with him to take a cruize in the North Seas. I remember it was that

summer when Old Vinegar, as we used to call him, (Sir Hyde Parker, afterwards drowned in the *Cato*, going to India,) had that queer fight on the Doggerbank, with the Dutch admiral Zoutman.

Now I think of it, while it's in my head, I'll tell you a story about that said old ship *Cato*, which is very remarkable. Sir Hyde Parker, after the affair of the Doggerbank, was appointed commander-in-chief in the East Indies, and sailed for his station in the *Cato*, a fifty gun ship. Just before she sailed, old Pine, a conjuror at Portsmouth, who gained his livelihood by telling lies and fortunes, told one of the midshipmen that he was going to sea in a ship on a distant station, and that she would never be heard of more. The midshipman believed him and deserted; the ship sailed, and never was heard of more after she crossed the line. She is supposed to have upset in a white squall off the south end of Madagascar. The poor midshipman saved his life but lost his character, and, I believe, died a gunner in the navy.

I remember we lay in a place they call Peggy's-hole, at North Shields. The *Cameleon* brig was a fellow-cruizer of ours. She came in one day, and told us of a bloody action she had fought with a Dutch galliot privateer, which blew up; they only saved her ensign, and the hairy scalp of a Dutchman which lodged in their rigging. I remember seeing them. Old Drury was the captain of the *Cameleon*, and the late Sir John Reid, Bart., the first lieutenant: how I used to envy this latter! he was a fine dashing young fellow, full of fun and fire, and always in mischief; he and the other officers used to make my brother and me hail the colliers, and order them to strike their pendants, which they had the impudence to wear alongside of us—they don't do those things now-a-days; and we used to fire a musquet ball through their top-gallant-sails, if they failed to lower them as they passed us. One day my brother let fly a shot through the belly of the sail, and down came a fellow by the back stay, like a young crow out of a nest; it might have been a coroner's inquest case, but luckily there was no harm done, only the boy said he did not see any fun in setting there to be shot at. One day we got a little brass gun, and fixed it on the quarter deck; it was loaded with small shot, and one of them stuck in the first lieutenant's leg, but it was of no consequence, his legs were of the Irish chairman order of human architecture, so it was 'cut and come again,'—but we did not come that again. The old fellow hopped, and did not look pleased, but as we were the captain's sons he thought it best to get his white cotton stocking mended and say no more about it. Tired of our pyrotechnical pursuits we resolved to try hydraulics, and our first experiment was made on the old boatswain. We were amusing ourselves in the barge, as she lay on the booms; it had rained a good deal; the boatswain, a fine white-headed old man, was sitting at the corners of the main hatchway reading, but what book it was I do not know. Old Pipes was unfortunately at the moment under the very plug-hole of the boat, and my brother, who, to do him justice, never lost an opportunity of mischief, proposed a shower bath for him; it was no sooner said than done, out comes the plug, and down comes the black and copious stream of bilge water, which washed off his *half ports*, that is, his spectacles, deluged his book, and thoroughly saturated his toggery from neck to waistband. This feat gave no more satisfaction than the last, and soon after we tried our genius on the laws of motion and gravity. My brother who was a much cleverer boy than I, and a year or two older, consented that I, with the assistance of others, should tie his hands and feet together,

making him in the shape of a hoop, and thus see whether he *would* or *could* trundle round the decks. just as the the ligature part of the affair was completed, by some mismanagement, the ship taking a lurch at the same time, he fetched way, slipped out of our hands, and rolled head over heels down the after hatchway. I thought, to be sure, that I should have *come to the title* by this move; but no, the flower of the family was quite unhurt, and when the danger was over, I thought we should have died a laughing.

How do you think we used to clear for action in those days, on board our small frigates? Why, the first thing we did when we saw a suspicious sail, without knowing or caring whether she was an enemy or not, was to turn to with crowbars and axes, stave the long boat, and throw her overboard, also all her coops and other moveable articles of furniture, and then we used to go into port and get others. This was the practice of the old school, but the schoolmaster is abroad now.

Things had now come to that pass with us, that it was high time something should be done; it was plain, that some ignominious fate awaited our continuance in this state of practical experiment and excitement; the flower of our family, my mother's hope, had already nearly fallen a sacrifice to my early speculations, to say nothing of the first lieutenant's leg, or the boatswain's library. On my last examination, or 'little go,' by my father, as touching my literary qualifications, he discovered that in the list of my acquirements, 'the catalogue of negatives,' as somebody says, was very copious. I knew very little, and what I did know would have taken much time well employed to unknow again, so we hauled our wind and came ashore, where difficulties and dangers beset us on every side. In the first place, there was no money in the exchequer to put me to school—that I cared very little about—but then, as a matter of course, I had none in my pocket—and that I cared about very much. I have already hinted, that in point of literary acquirements I was a *carte blanche*; but my mind was ever active, and if the turn which I took had been properly managed and improved, I have very little doubt but that I should at this time have been astonishing senates with the depth and expansion of my mercantile knowledge and pursuits; I should in all probability have been by the side of Baring in the House of Commons, or perhaps, *past* Baring, like an immense number of others.

Allow me now only to observe that my anecdotes are not given in regular chronological order, but just as they happen to pop into my head, as some doctors make out their prescriptions. Having laid in as much learning as my father could afford to give me, and full as much as I wished, at the age of eleven I left school, and went to France, where I bragged that, 'I had finished my education.' Little did I think how much instruction was to follow, and at what a price I was to obtain it. I soon learned to speak French, by the most obvious means in the world, viz. playing, fighting, and quarrelling with every scampish French boy I met. We learned the French for black eyes and bloody noses, and they learned the English for the same. As soon as I was complete in this branch of science, I boldly pressed my father to let me go to sea—my brother had gone the year before, and had already excited my envy by the accounts he sent home of his 'deeds of daring.' The affair was soon settled. A most particular friend of my father had been then recently appointed to a ship, to fit her out for the broad pendant of 'Billy Blue,' for the East Indies. I was shipped, equipped, and most kindly received by my captain, who was very civil to me when

my father was by, (that is, for about ten minutes,) and never was civil to me for one moment afterwards, though we were a year together. Midshipmen in those days used to wear a uniform coat or jacket, but in all other respects every part of their undress was dependent on their taste and fancy. The big ones wore powder in enormous quantities; huge tails thickened with flour and hog's lard, describing a semi-circle on their backs. They had gold-laced hats, red waistcoats, corduroy breeches, yellow top-boots, but, oddly enough, never wore blue cloth trousers, as they do now, though the sailors did. Pantaloon came over with the emigrants in 1794-5. My dress I remember very well; my first naval jacket was made by a country tailor and a well cut thing it was—square sterned, not round *à la Seppings*, our sterns were never intended to be shown to an enemy, and I was ashamed to show mine to a friend; it was cut out with three strokes of a broad axe, the buttons like those of the old warrant officers, those on the rump a foot asunder, those on the cuffs, single breasted, a white patch on the collar, called a weekly account, a blue waistcoat, breeches of black everlasting as it was called, (like horse-hair chair-bottoms,) though I took care, that with me, at least, the gift of immortality should not be continued to them, for I sold them to the black aid-de-camp in the staff of the governor of St. Jago, for a bunch of plantains and two guinea-fowls, which I thought a very profitable spec; at that time I had no calves quartered on my legs, and my grey worsted stockings hung slack on my spindles. My knee-buckles were brass, as were those for my shoes. A lion-headed hanger, with red morocco belt, hung dangling on my thigh, and sometimes it intruded itself between my legs, and caused, as the Yankees call it, 'a sudden prostration.' My hat was cocked, like a coachman's, only not so well; the brim and the crown were of equal altitude; the cockade was composed of one yard and a quarter of two-inch black ribbon, folded into six-inch length, and tied in the middle with a bit of black bobbin; with the same it was suspended from the brim of my hat over my left eye, which gave me a fierce and warlike look; my hair hung in long rat's-tails over my shoulders. At that time Commissioner Proby reigned supreme in Chatham dock-yard, and his daughters have told me that they remember my consequential swagger and self-importance. Well, I know others as bad now, and who ought to know better. This puts me in mind of the way in which Old Jack, as they used to call Lord St. Vincent, was dressed when he first went to sea, forty years before that. His hat, he told me, was nearly similar to my own in shape and texture, but his coat was of blue frieze down to his heels, without a collar; round sugar-loaf buttons, or rather gilt gingerbread nuts; a dagger suspended by a belt outside of his coat, hung elegantly parallel to the ground; worsted stockings, &c. So that between this great man and me there was some similarity, at least in our outset. When he was first introduced to his patroness, she could not get him to come near her; he sneaked behind the friend that presented him and could not be brought to approach: so we see sheepish boys sometimes make lionish men. But I have heard of a much queerer rig than that—what think you of a midshipman, in 1747, starting the flocks overboard out of his mattress, and making himself a pair of trowsers and a waistcoat out of the ticking? After this he gave a marine a bottle of rum for one of his old uniform red coats, and made it into one for himself; in this dress, with a wig over his hair, he waited on Sir Peter Warren, then a lord of the Admiralty, and told him he had just arrived from the East Indies. 'Well, and

what did Sir Peter say to him?' you will inquire. Why, he patted him on the head, and called him a good boy, told him he would make him a lieutenant, and he did too; for though I am no great lover of old times, I like to give them their due, and when they made a promise they generally stuck to it. I wish I could say as much for some people now-a-days; but never mind, 'great cry and little wool,' as a certain gentleman said when he shaved the pig. I suppose we shall have justice done us when we are all reformed.

In my day, our full dress was a long coat, white waistcoat and breeches of kerseymere, with hats round or cocked as we could afford, and a 'Clarence sword;' an ivory-hilted strait hanger—but this was optional, there was no order for it. Now I think, dear Tom, you must be tired of this yarn: I began at 9 A. M., it is now 2. 30.—and if you are not tired, I am; but still always,

Yours most affectionately,

D.

THE BLUSH OF MODESTY.

'PAINT us, dear Zeuxis,' said some of the chief inhabitants of Corona, 'paint us a portrait of the Grecian Helen, and in her, the beau ideal of female loveliness.' 'I consent,' replied the artist, 'on condition that you send to me, as models, six of the most beautiful maidens of your city, in order that I may select from each some particular charm.' On the morrow they came, so beautiful in youth and gracefulness, that now for the first time, the painter mistrusted the power of his art. 'Ye are indeed fair, my charming maids;' he said, 'but it is indispensable that you should sit to me unveiled.' 'Unveiled!' they all exclaimed in surprise, 'unveiled! never! never!' was echoed from mouth to mouth. By dint, however, of entreaties, but more by flattery, the courteous artist at length succeeded in allaying the scruples of five of them, but the constancy of the sixth, remained unshaken. 'Though it were to be Venus herself,' she cried, indignantly, 'I would not consent.' All expostulation was vain—she fled, blushing. Zeuxis took his pencil and colors—studied his models, and after a few weeks of incessant labor, produced his 'Helen,' the glory of his art, and the admiration of the world. The day of public exhibition arrived; the applause was unanimous—the candid and unprejudiced were enraptured—the jealous and the envious reclaimed or overawed. But, alone dissatisfied amidst the universal triumph, the artist exhibited on his wrinkled brow the marks of discontent. 'Ever prone as thou art,' said his friend Aretus, 'to discover faults in thy own performances where none exist, what can *now* be thy subject of regret?' 'The drawing,' replied Zeuxis, 'is perfect, the subject faultless, and I might indeed write underneath it 'henceforward it will be easier to criticise this picture than to imitate it,—but there is still one thing wanting to its perfection.' 'And what can that be?'—'THE BLUSH OF THE SIXTH MAIDEN.'

DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE SPANISH.

CONSIDERING the rich materials with which Spain abounds for the work of the novelist, or the skilful depicter of manners and character, it is a matter of surprise, that among our ten thousand writers, luminous, voluminous, not one should have attempted to give a portraiture of the Spanish of the present day, as they are seen in their homes, surrounded by the domestic influences of ordinary life, which in Spain alone, of all countries of modern Europe, possesses the charm of romance. In the singular, and perpetually-recurring contrasts of habits and character; in the extraordinary admixture of barbarism and civilization, the one breathing all the energy of the heroic times of Pelajo, the other as yet uninfected by the inactive and unrelieved coldness and egotism which has overspread the surface of more polished communities; the pen of a Scott, or a Cooper, might find abundant matter for its enchanting combinations. In France, Mr. Salvandy, by the publication of his ingenious and excellent novel of 'Alonzo,' has happily illustrated the truth of our assertion; while in Germany, Huber, his follower and competitor in the same track, has been no less successful in earning for his exertions as wide and extensive a popularity. His 'Sketches in Spain,' a work executed with great skill and practical ability, entitles him to a high rank as a delineator of national manners and character. He carries his reader to Spain, and makes him acquainted with the many eminent characteristic points which mainly distinguish it from other nations; he introduces him to the domestic privacy of the Spanish people; he shows them to him in the seclusion of their own homes, in society, and in active life, under the influence of fierce political excitement. In the fervor of his zeal for setting the Spanish people in a proper point of view, he pours out the vials of his wrath against French, and more particularly English travellers, for the haughty contempt and sarcastic flippancy which distinguish their accounts of his favorite people; and employs much ingenuity of argument, and warmth of eloquence, to prove that the happiness of a people may not be incompatible with the absence of certain material enjoyments which are the production of a more advanced state of civilization.

Independent of the portraiture of national character and manners, the work possesses an additional and more important claim to our attention, as it presents us with a faithful picture of the political state of Spain, during the short, but memorable struggle of Riego. The rise, progress, and melancholy termination of the attempted revolution; the feelings with which it was hailed by the different orders of men; the splitting of parties, the conflicting views and interests, the discussions, the disputes—are all displayed with great accuracy and effect. Just sufficient fictitious private details are introduced, to give a dramatic form; indeed, he states formally, that the title of his work proves that he had no intention of writing a romance, and that, in the events described, he was always a witness, most frequently an actor.

In the following passages, he introduces his dramatis personæ to the reader.

'In the most comfortable place beside the fire, in the only arm-chair the inn could boast of, sat a monk of the order of St. Dominick; the expression of his countenance was gay and serene, his forehead high, his small eyes glittered like diamonds, and there was a haughtiness in his air, notwithstanding a visible effort of constrained humility. Beside him was the Padrona, or mistress of the house, a woman rather advanced in years, but still alert, and exhibiting in her manner an energy quite masculine. She was occupied with preparing, with pious care, the supper of the holy father, and condescended, from time to time, to receive the assistance of the ventero, or innkeeper, who, like his worthy spouse, was too much occupied with the holy man, to pay the least attention to the new comers.

'At length one of the travellers, invited, no doubt, by the odor of the cookery, hazarded breaking the general silence. He was a tall man, thin and dry, about forty, but wearing his years remarkably well. His lofty forehead was shaded by curls of handsome black hair, and his open countenance was at times darkened by disquietude. He was dressed in a long, dark, travelling cloak, and wore a round hat, after the French fashion. His careless deportment indicated a lassitude of mind as well as of body; but when he drew his tall and well-proportioned figure to its full height, when his eye became animated, a sublime expression of energy suddenly succeeded those indications of depression.

"Can we have supper soon?" said he to the hostess, in a gentle voice, somewhat marked by the sharp accent of Andalusia. "Your supper, cavallero? What matter's it to me," replied the inflexible matron, "you may eat what you have brought with you: here there is nothing for you." "But the fowl you are roasting?" "The fowl—O it is for the reverend father Francisco," interrupted the host; "would it not be unbecoming, I ask you, if lay travellers should be served before a holy servant of the church?"

'This argument was unanswerable, and the poor traveller resumed his seat among his companions.

"Ha, ha! Don Antonio!" laughed out one of the latter, "you have again forgotten that you are no longer in your much-boasted France. But cheer up; I who like you, have not had time to forget among strangers the customs of my country, I have taken care of both of us, and you will have no reason to complain of my precaution:" at the same time, he drew forth in triumph from his bag two superb wild ducks.

'The new speaker was a young man, from twenty to twenty-five years of age, whose entire manner expressed a frank gaiety, and a sort of happy confidence in the future. His black hair escaped in confused ringlets from beneath a military cap, called a cachucha; the light bluish down of his beard corrected the rather feminine delicacy of his features, and his mouth, which seemed formed for smiles, was surmounted by a pair of little black mustachios. He wore a plain, but elegant travelling dress, and a light fowling-piece was suspended from his left shoulder. "Ho, there!" resumed he, in a burlesque tone of command, "is there no charitable person here, to put these ducks to the fire for me?" at the same time, as if he had despaired of meeting with the desired assistance, he proceeded himself to fill the office of a cook. But his culinary efforts were interrupted by a little soft voice exclaiming behind him, "Jesus! cavallerito, how awkward you are, in spite of your white hands. Come, let it alone; I shall manage it for you."

"May God bless your large black eyes!" replied the youth, as, turning round, he beheld, by the flickering light of the embers, a young and pretty girl, in all the simplicity of costume of the shepherdesses of the Sierra Morena. "Come, then, queen of my heart, be the protecting divinity of my pretty white hands, and in recompense, I swear as a Preux chevalier, to consecrate them to your service." Saying this, he had advanced a step towards the young girl, but she had disappeared with the lightness of a sylph.

'When supper had been finished by the customary plate of olives, the company remained at table for some time longer, discussing the goat-skin vessel of wine. Rojas took his guitar, that classical *vade mecum* of every young Spaniard; and, under a pretence of teaching the pretty daughter of mine host some new airs, made her sit down beside him, and guided her delicate fingers along the strings of the instrument. This had lasted for some time, when, on a sign from the master of

the house, the mother quickly exclaimed, "Get thee to bed, Pepita—quick! quick!—you ought to be ashamed of yourself; but first kiss the hand of the reverend father Francisco." The poor girl was much alarmed at this unexpected interruption; and half ashamed, half angry, hastened to obey the commands of the severe padrona. The monk held out his bony hand to her with a malicious smile; she kissed it hastily, and in an instant disappeared, not without casting a look at the young man. But Rojas was determined to revenge her. "Wait a moment, my pretty one," said he; "I wish to sing you an evening hymn:" and placing himself opposite the monk, he thundered forth the revolutionary song, known by the name of "*Tragala*." Thanks to the profound sleep which had seized on the guests around him, his imprudence had not the luckless consequences which might have been anticipated. The monk, not thinking himself the strongest, dissembled his anger; and the young madcap, suddenly appeased by his feigned moderation, rose from the table, flung himself on one of the blankets spread in different corners of the hall, wrapped himself in his cloak, and, in a moment, the silence of the inn was only interrupted by the snoring of the sleepers, and the motions of the horses and mules.

The Don Antonio of the above sketch, is the principal personage of our author's work. He is an ecclesiastic, who after ten years of banishment for his attachment to the principles of the former revolution, returns to his country in search of tolerance and protection, under the prospects held out by this fresh struggle for independence. His high character gives him an influence with the liberal party; and the journeys and negotiations which he undertakes in their service, and his restoration to his family, form the simple ground-work for the construction of his graphic details.

The attack on the convoy, which forms the subject of the fourth sketch, is peculiarly Spanish, and is drawn with liveliness and energy.

"At this moment, the leading mules had entered a narrow defile, bordered on either side by precipitous rocks covered with brushwood. In front, a small hillock rose upon the view, from the summit of which the traveller discovers, with delight, the lofty walls and antique towers of Carmona, the termination of his adventurous journey. "Once up there," thought Ramon, "we are out of danger, and this hair-brained youngster, will be at liberty to joke at our expense;—but would that we were *there*." As he ended this monologue, a horseman suddenly darted from the brushwood, and, planting himself in the centre of the road, cried out, in a voice of thunder, "Halt!"—"We are in for it," murmured the mayoral. "The Lord have mercy on us!" But, without appearing the least disconcerted, he coolly called out to the new comer, "What want you, cavalier? Can we be of service to you?" "Ramon," replied the latter, "spare yourselves and us a useless trouble. You have with you some dozen ounces of gold, and the value of four hundred in goods. Count us down eight ounces, and draw a check for a hundred on your house at Seville. On these conditions you may pass unmolested. And as to the gentlemen who travel with you, I am sure they will honor us with a few light presents." This dialogue afforded leisure for examining the troublesome intruder. The symmetry of his form exhibited all the elegance of an Andalusian majio. He was mounted on a noble horse, and his large war-saddle was covered with long housings of green cloth. A long gun glittered in his hand, and a smaller one, of that description denominated *trabuco*, was strapped to the pommel of his saddle. His cartuchara, or cartridge-holder, was fastened to his waist by a leathern belt, and displayed the not very gratifying spectacle of a double row of cartridges, closely packed, and carefully kept ready for use, in small tin tubes.

Ramon did not appear much flattered by the friendly invitation of the handsome cavalier. However he replied, in the same tone, "You are too kind, cavalier; but surely you do not pretend to stop, by your single arm, some dozen old Castilians. I am no great lover of battles—but then we must have proof that we may surren-

der without disgrace. Show us that we may do so, and I promise you that, on our side, not a shot shall be fired." He had not finished speaking, when Rojas, rendered impatient by this conference, discharged his piece at the summoner, but without effect.

"Curse your precipitation?" cried the mayoral; "but, by the holy virgin of Covodanza, the die is cast. Come, my sons, let us defend ourselves as we may."

The cavalier wheeled about his horse, saying, in a tone of irony, "In faith, a fine attempt:—but now, Carajo, I shall teach you to play with the seven sons of Ecija."—He darted off at full gallop, checked his steed a hundred paces further on, and, standing in his stirrups, to take deliberate aim, discharged his long gun.

Rojas fell, uttering a curse. The ball had broken his thigh. At the same instant several other shots were discharged, and four cavaliers darted forth from the brushwood. Two muleteers had fallen by this first discharge. The firing then commenced on both sides, but the odds were unequal. In a few minutes several muleteers were disabled, some killed, and others more or less dangerously wounded. The mules which had been struck, became a new species of embarrassment to them—rushing in confusion, and, casting off their burthens, rolling in the dust. One of the banditti then advanced anew. "Holloa!" cried he:—"In the name of all the devils, let whoever values life throw down his arms, and lie flat upon the ground."

Antonio alone—whether it was that he had not comprehended the injunctions of the victor, or whether he looked upon it as a *ruse*—or whether it was that he was carried away by a warlike ardor—he alone remained upright; and seizing the gun of one of his wounded companions, discharged it at the bandit. The horse of the latter fell dead upon the spot. A cry of rage burst from the brigands, and they all rushed upon the unfortunate Antonio, who too late, repented of his fatal folly. Already the dismounted cavalier, more furious than the rest, had levelled his piece at his breast, and was on the point of firing, when the cavalier, who had stopped the convoy, cried out, "Give him time to say his prayers, Pedro. Don't you see he is an ecclesiastic?" At these words, the long gun of Pedro was gently inclined. "Let him pray, then, quickly—the dog," said he. "Carajo, he has killed the best steed that Spain has produced since the time of Cid Babiaca. Were he the Pope himself, he must pay for it with his life."

In this critical situation, his life is saved by the interposition of one of the brigands, whom he recognizes as his cousin, and who prepares to give battle, in his defence, to the inflexible Pedro. On a sudden a shout was heard—

"In the name of the Constitution, and of the King, surrender!—Long live Riego!—Follow, cavalry!"

From behind the olives, a party of horsemen debouched upon the road. The suddenness of the attack so disconcerts the brigands, that they are routed, and most of them slain. Pedro, left without his horse, takes refuge in a ruined cottage, and defends himself furiously to the last, but is slain by a sabre-blow from the young Marquis of Penaflores, the leader of the party, who had so opportunely arrived to the deliverance of the convoy. From the time in which he was surprised by the banditti, at one of his country seats, and obliged to fly, almost naked, from the burning ruins of his house, he had been the scourge of the brigands, in conformity with an oath he had taken to exterminate them.

The wildness of passion, and almost frantic energy of grief, with which the tidings of the death of Pedro, are received by the daughter of Eusebio, the smuggler, whose cortejo, or lover, he was, is no less striking, and exhibitiv of the fierce flashes of daring recklessness which,

under the circumstances of great natural excitement, break from the country women of the maid of Saragossa. After describing the festivities of the young of both sexes, who had assembled to celebrate the birthday of the Luciente (or the brilliant), our author proceeds thus:—

‘But at this moment a young girl rushed into the midst of the assembly, pale and dishevelled, and uttering cries of despair. Her original costume, and her graceful deportment, partaking of a kind of masculine forwardness, bespoke her at once to be a perfect specimen of the Andalusian maija. “Where is he,” cried she; “where is the man who brought this news?” and approaching Jose, she demanded, with a trembling voice, but with looks of fire, “Pitiful wretch! is it true that my Pedro has been slain?”—“It is but too true,” replied the brigand, lowering his head. She then gave way to the most violent grief, tearing her hair, disfiguring her face and breast, invoking the saints, and blaspheming them in the next breath, and calling upon death.

“The devil has taken possession of La Luciente,” exclaimed the terrified bystanders; and each hurried to take refuge as near as possible to the crucifix placed above the door of the old smuggler, while they accompanied each blasphemy of the unfortunate mistress of Pedro with signs of the cross, and sprinklings of holy water. At length, pushing with impetuosity through the terrified crowd, she again confronted Jose, and said, “Tell me, wretch, how did my Pedro meet his end?”—“In the name of the Holy Virgin of Fuensanta, do you think, young woman, that I had time to examine? I was but too lucky in escaping myself, thank God for it!”—“Thank God! and you thank God, base coward that you are!” replied La Luciente, approaching still nearer to the unhappy fugitive, while her eyes flashed fury and contempt. “You thank God for being enabled to run away. But did Pedro Gomez fly when you were in the chapel at Ecija, when the priests had already begun to sing the prayers of the dead for you, did he then spare his life to effect your deliverance! and is it you, that thank God for having had time to fly while they were slaughtering him?” She advanced a step nearer to Jose, and raising her clenched fist to his face, continued, “If you were a man, would you have abandoned my Pedro in the hour of danger! if you were a man, you would know how he perished; if you were a man, would you be sitting there in the corner like an old cripple?—but why waste breath on such a being!”

“Jose had, by an involuntary movement, grasped his dagger; but he suddenly restrained himself, and putting aside the menacing arm of the girl, said with a forced laugh, “White hands wound not; but thank the Holy Virgin, muchacha (young girl), that Pedro was thy cortejo, otherwise——”

‘Two new comers here entered the court; one of them recognised Jose—“There he is,” cried he; “the poor girl knows all.”—“Esteban Lara and Christoval Moreno,” exclaimed at the same time several voices.

“Christoval Moreno! Christoval, the partner of the flight of Jose!” immediately resumed the frantic girl, quitting Jose to approach Christoval. “And you too, doubtless, you had not time to mark how my Pedro perished! and you, too, could abandon him! You should have hid yourself in a convent, yes, in a convent of nuns, effeminate as you are!” At the same time she pushed him from her with force. The astonished Christoval gazed in pity on the unhappy girl, then disengaging her right hand from his ample cloak, he held it out to her;—“Young girl, mark you that blood? It is the blood of the murderer of Pedro Gomez!” The energetic motion of Christoval quelled the fury of the despairing Luciente. She drew back, and was silent.’

The murder of the Marquis of Penaflores takes place at the fair of Mairena, which is celebrated in Spain. It is a little village, four leagues distant from Seville, which for three or four days attracts crowds of people, intent on business or pleasure, from all quarters of the kingdom. The diversity of costumes and idioms, the magnificence of the rich merchants, the simple and picturesque manners of the inhabitants, of some of the more remote provinces, the numbers of the young and beautiful

of both sexes, all concur in making the fair of Mairena a scene of the greatest liveliness and animation, and are particularly worthy of observation. It is here sketched with truth and vivacity; and the grouping of well-defined figures and characters, with the different political biases by which they are actuated, exhibited in their dialogue, place the country and the people immediately before our eyes. After describing the scene of the fair, with the most prominent characteristics of the latter, the long array of mules, and of superb Andalusian horses, the paseo, frequented by crowds of the idle and the delighters in news, whose conversation is broken by the monotonous cries of the aguadores, or water-carriers, the arena for the bull-fight, where proudly stalk the toreros and matadores, our author proceeds to individualize, and presents us with the minor details with graphic felicity.

'At the end of the esplanade, in a little circular enclosure, shaded by orange-trees mingled with cactus and aloes, was erected a large and elegant tent. Beneath its light roof of straw, supported by a few slender poles of aloe, were arranged a number of small low tables, surrounded by groups busied in drinking or gaming. Some were sending round elegantly-shaped earthen vessels wreathed with flowers, containing lemonade or wine; others were sipping chocolate, the refreshing sorbet, or that iced beverage which they call *arucarillo*. At the upper extremity stood a long counter, laden with sweetmeats of every description, and flanked on either side by piles of little barrels, filled with different sorts of liqueurs. Close to it might be observed a kind of side-board, not as the other, furnished with eatables, but with little articles of jewelry, and silk mercery, such as rings, fans, reticules, ribands, &c. indicating that the tent served for a double purpose; and in the corners of the vast interior were heaped together numberless goat-skins consecrated to the joyous juice of the grape. But of the crowd that thronged the interior of the tavern, many seemed to have been attracted thither by other motives besides a wish to drink or to game. Several followed with their eyes a young girl, who ran from table to table with the most piquant petulance of manner. Her complexion, which was darker than the ordinary tint of Andalusia, the oriental expression of her features, her large black eyes, full of an uncommon mixture of boldness and candor, easily pointed her out as one of those Spanish gipsies, or *gitanas*, the original type of whom has been preserved entire through so many ages. A light gauze veil rolled about her head, contrasted strongly with her almost African complexion, and a short tunic of the same color completed her slender toilet. Her naked arms and legs were surcharged with rings and bracelets, as she glided like a fantastic sprite through the midst of the joyous parties, answering with gaiety and malicious wit, the jokes and compliments of the young men.

'The conversation was interrupted by a great movement, which took place among the groups of drinkers. Each rose from the table to run to the door. Antonio and his friends having done the same, perceived a superb horse contending with his rider, vaulting, plunging, and lashing, without in the least discomposing the gravity of the latter, who seemed to be trying him previous to purchase. Bets were exchanged for and against the chances of the cavalier's preserving his seat, but presently all doubt on the subject was removed, and the mettlesome steed, rendered humble and obedient, ceased to struggle against the skilful hand that held the reins.

'Don Bernardo Marti de Valencia! cried out at once several voices, and the eagerness seemed to redouble, each person wishing to see him closer, and giving way to him with deference, when he approached the tent.

'The object of so much attention was a tall man, with bushy eyebrows, having dismounted, features singularly marked with energy, auburn hair, and a wrinkled and sunburnt forehead. His dress partook of the city and the country. He wore a large hat of coarse spun stuff, with large flaps, and his dress consisted of a round jacket of blue velvet. His suite was composed of several Valencians,

whom it was easy to recognise by their platted hair, covered with nets, their large grey hats, their short jackets, ornamented with stripes of red or blue silk, their trowsers, which scarcely reached their knees, but so wide they might be mistaken for petticoats; in fine, by the species of stocking, which reached from the ankle a little above the calf, so as to leave the knee and the foot naked, the latter protected by the *alpargatas* or sandals. Each one carried on his shoulder a blanket in a leathern case, the only preservative against the inclemencies of the weather, at once a bed in the camp or bivouac, and a tablecloth at meals, the indispensable *vade mecum* of every Valencian, as the cloak is of the Castilian.

As the new comers entered the tent, they politely saluted the company. Their chief called for the best wine, passed it round to his companions, and carelessly throwing down a piece of money, double the value of what he might owe, went out, after saluting the company with the same courtesy as at his entrance.

"Who is this Don Bernardino Marti, who seems to exercise such an influence over the crowd?" said Antonio.

"What! is it possible you don't know him?" exclaimed a dozen of voices at the same time; "you must be a great stranger here."

"That man," said one of the bystanders, "is well known from Castilian de la Plana to Reuss, and justly so. He is one of the richest land-owners in the neighborhood of Valencia, and captain in the Queen Amelia's regiment of heavy cavalry. He is the terror of the banditti, whom he hunts like wild beasts, and he has done more in a few years towards re-establishing the tranquillity of the country than all the brigades of the Santa Hermandada for centuries. He is followed in his excursions by his own peasants, and sometimes by a small detachment of his regiment, and these expeditions are made at his own expense. This new Theseus has succeeded in purging the kingdom of Valencia of all the bands of robbers that infested it, and you may walk there now with your fists full of gold, without the least apprehension."

"A brave man! a noble fellow!" replied the company in chorus; and one of them, a real Castilian, added half aloud, "What a pity he is not a Castilian, and that he should be nothing more than a Valencian, for you know the proverb—In Valencia the meat is vegetable, the vegetables, water; the women are beggars, and the men nothing at all."

But soon after, the evening bell, or *oracion*, was heard, and gave the signal for departure. At the first sound, the several groups stopped short. A religious silence succeeded the noise of conversation, and each one, uncovered and bowed, prayed silently. At this solemn moment, the same takes place all over Spain. After a few seconds of mental prayer, each one made the sign of the cross; and putting on his hat, saluted his neighbor, to the right and left, with *buenas noches*, (good night.) A great number of the pedestrians separated, and returned home but the paseo still continued crowded; for the night had set in, sweet, fresh, and voluptuous, as it is in those climates; and its complacent shade served as a signal for another species of promenade, which was prolonged until midnight.

The last struggles of this constitutional regime, in which most of his dramatis personæ meet with a miserable end, form the subject of our author's last sketches.

We lay down this volume with a mingled feeling of satisfaction and regret. Satisfaction derived from the contemplation of the varied and agreeable pictures which the author has exhibited to our view, in a style always easy and natural, and at times spirited and eloquent. Of regret at the deplorable termination of a struggle, in which ardent and heroic lovers of liberty and their country perished ignominiously. But this regret is not unaccompanied by a confident expectation that the spirit that is abroad, and that hath shook monarchs from their slumbers on the throne, is repressed, but not extinguished; and that under happier auspices, and better direction, it may be ultimately successful in restoring the fallen and debased Spain to her place among European states.

PASKEVITSCH AND THE POLES.

NEARLY three years have elapsed since I first visited, the ancient capital of Poland, on my return from St. Petersburg. Late events had prepared me for a great change, but the extent to which it has been effected, perfectly astounded me. All traces of the national features are nearly extinguished, and this once splendid capital now resembles more an Asiatic camp, than a gay and polished European city. The streets are nearly deserted. Nothing breaks on the ear through their solemn silence, save the measured tramp of the Russian patrols, and lumbering roll of their heavy guns; the peculiar cry of the Tartar coachmen, as they urge their horses at a furious pace through the narrow streets.

In the places which, but a short time since, echoed the triumphant songs of gallant freemen, now we beheld the wild Cossack of the Don, the Circassian in his chain armour, that leads back the mind to the days of Mithridates; in juxta position with the tall grenadier, or the gorgeously attired Hulan or Hussar of the guards. Russian generals, Russian aides-de-camp, their breasts covered with stars, are seen galloping in every direction, their flat Tartar countenances animated to an expression of haughty triumph. But when we reflect for what purpose these warriors have been drawn from their distant homes, we vent a curse upon the head of the ruthless tyrant who is blotting out from the tablets of civilization a whole nation.

If we may judge from the immense system of fortifications erecting by the Russians, we should infer they still apprehend that the untameable spirit of the gallant Poles will again carve out some hot work for them. They are at present, fortifying Warsaw after the manner that the Prussians have done Posen and Coblentz, by a system of forts. 1st, the Fort of Sfoła has been considerably augmented, near to it a citadel will be constructed, and another that will command the city and the vicinity of the Belvidere Bridge, a third will be built upon an elevation called Jolibord, and another upon the hill of the Barracks of the Guards, that will contain 6,000 men, the expense of these fortifications is estimated at twenty millions of florins, to be defrayed by the ill-fated city they are intended to subject.

In the meantime, the Russians neglect no precautions to ensure their safety. The Circassians are encamped in the Royal Gardens. The chateau is converted into a military hospital, and its beautiful facade marked by the wooden barracks occupied by the line. At Praga, they have thrown up a chain of batteries that mount some guns of an immense calibre; these are pointed against the city. And sufficiently proclaim the feeling of insecurity that prevails. The garrison is now solely composed of the line, and the irregular troops. All the regiments of the guards have left, they were magnificent troops, but the line are short dark men, very much resembling the Indian Sepoys, or the Peruvian Indians the utmost discipline prevails it is rather of the officers, than the untutored soldiery, that the Poles have to complain. The officers of the guards carried off some hundred ladies of very equivocal reputation, whom they married, they also purchased, with singular avidity, all the political works that had been published during the revolution.

The morning after our arrival, we saw Paskevitsch on the parade. He is a tall, fine, handsome man, with a distinguished military air. At St. Petersburg he was famed for his gallantry; by birth a Lithuanian his military talents are of the highest order. It was Paskevitsch who

defended the famous redoubt in the centre of the Russian position at the bloody affair of the Borodino: and who afterwards led his corps from Riga to the Rhine, by one of the most rapid marches in the annals of modern warfare. The Persian campaigns of this officer are justly celebrated. His brilliant victories at Kainly and Milli duze, both gained by a profound strategical movement in twenty-four hours, would have done honor to the greatest captain.

It is melancholy to think that he has since tarnished his brilliant military reputation by his conduct towards the heroic Poles. Paskevitch executes, *a la lettre*, the cold blooded tyranny, the relentless cruelty of his ruthless and miscreant master. The indignities which he has inflicted upon this gallant people would fill volumes, and ruin him in the eyes of posterity.

To our great astonishment, we saw announced for representation at the national theatre, 'La Muette de Portici;' during Constantine's time this piece was strictly prohibited. The house was crowded with Russian military, in fact, exclusively so.

The Polish campaign, like the fabulous shirt of Dejanira, is already spreading its venom through their ranks; the guards have already returned to Russia, tainted with liberalism—and the applause showered down during the popular movements in the market scene, may be taken as an augury for the future. In fact what country presents such ready clements for a Massiniello as Russia?

WHAT IS LOVE?

WHAT is love? Ask him who lives, what is life—ask him who adores, what is God. I know not the internal constitution of other men. I see that in some external attributes they resemble me; but when, misled by that appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common, and unburthen my inmost soul, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn.

With a spirit ill fitted to sustain such proofs, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have every where sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment. Thou demandest, What is love? If we reason, we would be understood: if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's: if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own,—that the beams of her eyes should kindle at once, and mix and melt into our own,—that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the hearts best food. This is love;—this is the bond and the sanction which connects not only the two sexes, but everything that exists.

We are born into the world, and there is something within us which, from the instant we live and move, thirsts after its likeness. This propensity develops itself with the development of our nature—to this eagerly refer all sensations thirsting that they should resemble or correspond with it. The discovery of its antetype—the meeting with an

understanding capable of clearly estimating the deductions of our own—an imagination which can enter into, and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish, and unfold in secret—with a frame whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibration of our own—and of a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands,—this is the invisible and unattainable point to which love tends; and to attain which it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that without which there is no rest or respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence, in solitude, or in that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathise not with us, we love the flowers, and the grass, and the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring—in the blue air there is found a secret correspondence with our heart that awakens the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture, and brings tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone.

Sterne says, that, if he were in a desert, he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes the living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere wreck of what he was.

Is there anything in the writings of Rosseau that can compare with the tenderness, with the eloquence of passion, contained in these aspirations of Shelley?

CAPTAIN ROSS' EXPEDITION.

THERE are, we should suppose, very few of our countrymen who have not asked themselves, frequently 'Is there any chance of poor Ross' ever coming back?' To many who, like ourselves, have had some acquaintance with the painful circumstances under which that brave man went forth, the question is of deep interest; and slowly, very slowly, and reluctantly, is all hope of his safety abandoned. Perhaps a few words given to the circumstances and fate of his expedition will not be misapplied.

Few of our readers will forget the effect produced upon the public by Captain Parry's comment upon Ross' last government voyage, but only those who knew Ross can fully measure his feelings. He determined at once, that if a ship could be procured, he would go again; and he rejoiced in the chance afforded him, by a generosity which has too few parallels. The details of the fitting out of his expedition are too well known to be here repeated; and it is also well known, that he cared not to return at all if unsuccessful. He went, resolving to enjoy an unquestioned triumph, or perish in the attempt.

The application of steam to such an undertaking was itself an experiment requiring the utmost perfection and certainty in all its details. Unfortunately, his ship was fitted with boilers of a new construction which have been since proved not to answer the high expectations then

formed of them. It is doubtful whether they could generate or keep up a supply of steam to give sufficient speed even in fair weather and smooth water; and it is very much to be feared that, in rough and deep seas, where they would be most needed, the engines would fail to act. Moreover, the hull of the vessel was not of a construction to bear safely the impulse and pressure of the ice. She was, besides, too deeply laden: and, even supposing the necessary consumption by the crew would materially lighten her, still she would be what sailors call too '*laborsom*' for so weak a vessel.

But had his steamer been stronger, more roomy, and the machinery the most perfect and *certain*, Ross would have started under better prospects than any of the former expeditions. From the point of Parry's return in Regent's Inlet, no land or ice could be seen, and he probably would have reached Cape Turnagain in a week or ten days. Had Ross found as open a sea (as from the combined evidence of Parry and Franklin, there seems little reason to doubt;) he would have done the same in three or four days. But the loss of his tender, the *John*, was an additional misfortune, which diminished his resources, already scanty when compared with the equipment of government expeditions.

The last authentic news of him was in lat. 57° N., 25th July, 1829. They had lost their foremost, but by singular good fortune had refitted in the harbor of Holsteinberg with the masts of the Rockwood, an abandoned whaler; from which they also took provisions and stores. They sailed, after remaining there only a few hours, with high hopes; the accounts of the ice received from the natives were excellent—all right amongst the crew—wind fair and weather favorable. Ross' last words were, 'we are in a more complete state than when we left England; and if ever the north-west passage be made, it should be this year.'

What destroyed these brave men, or how their ships was set fast or crushed, we shall never know, unless some remains be found by one of those changes which, from age to age, reveal the wreck of sea and land, or some one should hereafter visit the sad scene of their destruction. All chance of the return of the vessel or crew is, we fear, at an end. Yet hunger can scarcely have been their destroyer. They were provisioned for three years, and had they passed Behring's Straits, could have got further supplies from Kamschatka.

It is hard to give up all hope. It is barely possible that he may exist amongst the Esquimaux or Indians—he may yet return. But we fear his name must be added to the list of those whom ingratitude and injustice have driven upon enterprises with feelings which threatening only one issue; and we could not longer delay the expression of our regret and sorrow; histories, like this of Ross, should be stamped deep upon the hearts and memories of his countrymen.

TO SORROW.

SPIRIT of the lonely vale,
 With the long-lash'd dewy eye
 Bending o'er the lilies pale
 'Neath the melancholy sky;
 Sorrow! when in primrose fields,
 Where the rills laugh, sing the bowers,
 Fondest sigh life's pilgrim yields
 To thy vale of sunless flowers.

Who beside the streamlet dwells,
 With the merry sylvan song
 Mingling music through the dells,
 Little heeds, or heeds not long:
 Bless the guide's mysterious hand,
 Sun that smiles, and cloud that lowers,
 Doubly fair joy's summer-land
 For the vale of sunless flowers!

The Comparative Strength of different kinds of Wood.—MR. PETER BARLOW, jun. has communicated to the Philosophical Magazine, a statement of various experiments made at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, to ascertain the strength of various sorts of wood. The experiments originated in an investigation of the comparative properties of acacia and oak, by W. Withers, Esq. of Norfolk, whose object appears to have been to encourage the planting of the former in many situations, instead of the latter, as a wood of great durability and of quicker growth. At the Royal Arsenal there were in store many woods not in common use; but which are grown abundantly in some countries, and from the appearance of which great strength was anticipated. Mr. Bossey, foreman in the carriage department, was requested to prepare specimens, which were submitted to the same test as the former ones. The apparatus made use of in the experiments consisted simply of two upright posts, fixed securely at one end in the ground, and at the other to the tie-beam of the roof of a shed; on each of these were firmly attached two pieces of hard wood formed to an edge, on which the specimens to be experimented upon were placed, and a scale suspended from the centre to receive weights. To ascertain the relative stiffness or elasticity, the weight which caused a deflection of one inch was registered, which was denoted by a rod attached to the tie-beam, so as to point downwards in front of the specimen, and one inch below the upper surface—so that when one inch of deflection had taken place, it was shown by the rod just passing clear of the piece under experiment. The pieces were each accurately cut and planed two inches square and five feet in length,

and the distance of the props on which they were broken was exactly fifty inches ; they were selected with great care by Mr. Bossey, who assisted at the experiments. The results of the oak experiments seem certainly to be in favor of the fast-grown. 'These experiments, Mr. Withers observes, 'throw new light upon the subject, and lead to the most important conclusion. They prove not only that fast growing timber is superior in quality to that of slower growth ; but that by the constant application of manure to the roots of trees, planted even in good soil, nearly double the quantity of timber may be obtained in the same period, while its strength (instead of being diminished) will be thereby increased.

LAKE ERIE.

The invaluable advantages enjoyed by Lake Erie from its geographical position and relative connexion with surrounding navigable waters, and the scene of commercial animation it exhibits, are so correctly described in a journal published at Buffalo, that we cannot do better than give the following extract from it:—'It is peculiarly gratifying to notice the annual increase of business upon the waters of Lake Erie. The lake navigation commenced this spring (1830) much earlier than usual, and it has already assumed a degree of importance and activity unequalled by that of any former period. Besides the numerous schooners that constantly crowd our wharfs, waiting their several turns to load and unload, seven fine steam-boats have full and profitable employment ; one of these boats now leaves our harbor every morning, crowded with freight and passengers destined to the fertile regions of the west. It is impossible to reflect on the almost incredible increase of business upon Lake Erie for the last five or six years, without indulging in what, to some, may appear extravagant anticipations of the future.

'The map of the entire globe does not present another sheet of water more strikingly peculiar than that of Lake Erie. It literally commands the navigable waters of North America. From the south a steam-boat has already ascended the Allegany to Warren ; and a trifling improvement of the Chatauque outlet will enable steam-boats from New Orleans to approach within three miles of Portland harbor. From the north the vessels of Lake Ontario have already visited Lake Erie, through the Welland Canal and river. The same spirit of enterprise that produced the Welland Canal, it is believed will soon be enabled to overcome the natural impediments to the navigation of the St. Lawrence, and open an easy and uninterrupted communication from Lake Erie, through Lake Ontario, to Montreal and Quebec. The ease with which a canal of sufficient capacity to pass steam-boats can be opened between Lake Michigan and the navigable waters of the Mississippi is well known. This enterprise has been long agitated, and will, it is believed, soon be accomplished. But this will not be the only channel of intercourse between Lake Erie and the Gulf of Mexico. From the southern shores of Lake Erie, the Ohio, and Pennsylvania, canals will open a communication through the Ohio river to the Mississippi.

'Lake Erie, therefore, may be regarded as a great central reservoir, from which open in all directions the most extensive channels of inland navigation to be found in the world ; enabling vessels of the lake to traverse the whole interior of the country, to visit the Atlantic at the north or in the south, and collect products, the luxuries and wealth of every clime and country.'

PETER SIMPLE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON FOSTER.

WHEN I began to wake the next morning I could not think what it was that felt like a weight upon my chest, but as I roused and recalled my scattered thoughts, I remembered that in an hour or two it would be decided whether I was to exist another day. I prayed fervently and made a resolution in my own mind, that I would not have the blood of another upon my conscience, and would fire my pistol up in the air. And after I had made that resolution I no longer felt the alarm which I did before. Before I was dressed, the midshipman who had volunteered to be my second, came into my room and informed me that the affair was to be decided in the garden behind the inn ; that my adversary was a very good shot, and that I must expect to be winged if not drilled.

'And what is winged and drilled,' inquired I; 'I have not only never fought a duel, but I have not even fired a pistol in my life.'

He explained what he meant, which was, that being winged implied being shot through the arm or leg, whereas being drilled was to be shot through the body. 'But,' continued he, 'is it possible that you have never fought a duel?'

'No,' replied I, 'I am not yet fifteen years old.'

'Not fifteen? why I thought you were eighteen at the least.' (But I was very tall and stout for my age, and people generally thought me older than what I was.)

I dressed myself and followed my second into the garden, where I found all the midshipmen and some of the waiters of the inn. They all seemed very merry, as if the life of a fellow creature was of no consequence. The seconds talked apart for a little while, and then measured the ground which was twelve paces; we then took our stations. I believe that I turned pale, for my second came to my side and whispered that I must not be frightened. I replied that I was not frightened, but that I considered that it was an awful moment. The second to my adversary then came up and asked me whether I would make an apology, which I refused to do, as before ; they handed a pistol to each of us, and my second showed me how I was to pull the trigger. It was arranged that at the word given, we were to fire at the same time. I made sure that I should be wounded, if not killed, and I shut my eyes as I fired my pistol in the air. I felt my head swim and thought I was hurt, but fortunately I was not. The pistols were loaded again, and we fired a second time. The seconds then interfered, and it was proposed that we should shake hands, which I was very glad to do, for I considered my life to have been saved by a miracle. We all went back to the coffee-room, and sat down to breakfast. They then told me that they all belonged to the same ship that I did, and that they were glad to see that I could stand fire, for the captain was a terrible fellow for cutting out and running under the enemies' batteries.

The next day my chest arrived by the waggon, and I threw off my 'bottle-greens' and put on my uniform. I had no cocked hat, or dirk, as the warehouse people employed by Mr. Handycock did not supply

* Continued from p. 25.

those articles, and it was arranged that I should procure them at Portsmouth. When I inquired the price, I found that they cost more money than I had in my pocket, so I tore up the letter I had written to my mother before the duel, and wrote another asking for a remittance to purchase my dirk and cocked hat. I then walked out in my uniform, not a little proud I must confess. I was now an officer in his Majesty's service, not very high in rank certainly, but still an officer and a gentleman, and I made a vow that I would support the character, although I was considered the greatest fool of the family.

I had arrived opposite a place called Sally Port, when a young lady very nicely dressed, looked at me very hard and said, 'Well Reefer, how are you off for soap?' I was astonished at the question, and more so at the interest which she seemed to take in my affairs. I answered, 'Thank you, I am very well off; I have four cakes of Windsor, and two bars of yellow for washing.' She laughed at my reply, and asked me whether I would walk home and take a bit of dinner with her. I was astonished at this polite offer, which my modesty induced me to ascribe more to my uniform than to my own merits, and as I felt no inclination to refuse the compliment, I said that I should be most happy. I thought I might venture to offer my arm, which she accepted, and we proceeded up High Street on our way to her home.

Just as we passed the admiral's house, I perceived my captain walking with two of the admiral's daughters. I was not a little proud to let him see that I had female acquaintances as well as he had, and as I passed him with the young lady under my protection, I took off my hat and made him a low bow. To my surprise, not only did he not return the salute but he looked at me with a very stern countenance. I concluded that he was a very proud man, and did not wish the admiral's daughters to suppose that he knew midshipmen by sight; but I had not exactly made up my mind on the subject, when the captain, having seen the ladies in the admiral's house, sent one of the messengers after me to desire that I would immediately come to him at the George Inn, which was nearly opposite.

I apologised to the young lady, and promised to return immediately if she would wait for me; but she replied, that, 'If that was my captain, it was her idea that I should have a confounded wiggling and be sent on board.' So, wishing me good bye, she left me and continued her way home. I could as little comprehend all this as why the captain looked so black when I passed him; but it was soon explained when I went up to him in the parlor at the George Inn. 'I am sorry, Mr. Simple,' said the captain when I entered, 'that a lad like you should show such early symptoms of depravity; still more so, that he should not have the grace which even the most hardened are not wholly destitute of—I mean to practise immorality in secret, and not degrade themselves and insult their captain by unblushingly avowing, I may say, glorying in their iniquity, by exposing it in broad day, and in the most frequented street of the town.'

'Sir,' replied I, with astonishment, 'O dear! O dear! what have I done?'

The captain fixed his keen eyes upon me, so that they appeared to pierce me through and nail me to the wall. 'Do you pretend to say Sir, that you were not aware of the character of the person with whom you were walking just now?'

'No, Sir,' replied I, 'except that she was very kind and good-natured;'

and then I told him how she had addressed me, and what subsequently took place.

'And is it possible, Mr. Simple, that you are so great a fool?' I replied, 'that I certainly was considered the greatest fool in our family.' 'I should think you were,' replied he, drily. He then explained to me who the person was with whom I was in company, and how any association with her would inevitably lead to my ruin and disgrace.

I cried very much, for I was shocked at the narrow escape which I had had, and mortified at having fallen in his good opinion. He asked me how I had employed my time since I had been at Portsmouth, and I made an acknowledgment of my having been made tipsy, related all that the midshipmen had told me, and how I had that morning fought a duel.

He listened to my whole story very attentively, and I thought that occasionally there was a smile upon his face, although he bit his lips to prevent it. When I had finished, he said, 'Mr. Simple, I can no longer trust you on shore until you are more experienced in the world. I shall desire my coxswain not to lose sight of you until you are safe on board of the frigate. When you have sailed a few months with me, you will then be able to decide, whether I deserve the character which the young gentlemen have given me, I must say, I believe, with the sole intention of practising upon your inexperience.'

Altogether I did not feel sorry when it was over. I saw that the captain believed what I had stated, and that he was disposed to be kind to me, although he thought me very silly. The coxswain, in obedience to his orders, accompanied me to the Blue Posts. I packed up my clothes, paid my bill, and the porter wheeled my chest down to the Sally Port, where the boat was waiting.

'Come, heave-a-head, my lads, be smart. The captain says we are to take the young gentleman on board directly. His liberty's stopped for getting drunk and running after the Dolly Mops!'

'I should thank you to be more respectful in your remarks, Mr. Coxswain,' said I with displeasure.

'Mister Coxswain! thanky Sir, for giving me a handle to my name,' replied he. 'Come, be smart with your oars, my lads!'

'La, Bill Freeman,' said a young woman on the beach, 'what a nice young gentleman you have there. He looks like a sucking Nelson. I say, my pretty young officer, could you lend me a shilling?'

I was so pleased at the woman calling me a young Nelson, that I immediately complied with her request. 'I have not a shilling in my pocket,' said I, 'but here is half-a-crown, and you can change it and bring me back the eighteen-pence.' 'Well, you are a nice young man,' replied she, taking the half-crown. 'I'll be back directly, my dear.'

The men in the boat laughed, and the coxswain desired them to shove off.

'No,' observed I, 'you must wait for my eighteen-pence.'

'We shall wait a devilish long while then, I suspect. I know that girl, and she has a very bad memory.'

'She cannot be so dishonest or ungrateful,' replied I. 'Coxswain, I order you to stay—I am an officer.'

'I know you are, Sir, about six hours old; well, then, I must go up and tell the captain that you have another girl in tow, and that you won't go on board.'

'O no, Mr. Coxswain, pray don't; shove off as soon as you please, and never mind the eighteen-pence.'

The boat then shoved off, and pulled towards the ship, which lay at Spithead.

On our arrival on board, the coxswain gave a note from the captain to the first lieutenant, who was on deck. He read the note, and then looked at me, and then I overheard him say to another lieutenant, 'The service is going to the devil. As long as it was not popular, if we had not much education, we at least had a chance of natural abilities; but now that great people send their sons for a provision into the navy, we have all the refuse of their families, as if anything was good enough to make a captain of a man-of-war, who has occasionally more responsibility on his shoulders, and is placed in situations requiring more judgment, than any other people in existence. Here's another of the fools of a family made a present of to the country—another cub for me to lick into shape. Well, I never saw the one yet I did not make something of. Where's Mr. Simple?'

'I am Mr. Simple, Sir,' replied I, very much frightened at what I had overheard.

'Now, Mr. Simple,' said the first lieutenant, 'observe, pay particular attention to what I say. The captain tells me in this note that you have been shamming stupid. Now, Sir, I am not to be taken in that way. You're something like the monkeys who won't speak, because they are afraid they will be made to work. I have looked attentively at your face, and I see at once that you are *very clever*, and if you do not prove so in a very short time, why—you had better jump overboard, that's all. Perfectly understand me. I know that you are a very clever fellow, and having told you so, don't you pretend to impose upon me, for it won't do.'

I was very much terrified at this speech, but at the same time I was pleased to hear that he thought me clever, and I determined to do all in my power to keep up such an unexpected reputation.

'Quarter-master,' said the first lieutenant, 'tell Mr. Trotter to come on deck.'

The quarter-master brought up Mr. Trotter, who apologised for being so dirty, as he was breaking casks out of the hold. He was a short thick-set man, about thirty years of age, with a nose which had a red club to it, very dirty teeth, and large black whiskers.

'Mr. Trotter, said the first lieutenant, 'here is a young gentleman who has joined the ship. Introduce him into the berth, and see his hammock slung. You must look after him a little.'

'I really have very little time to look after any of them, Sir,' replied Mr. Trotter, 'but I will do what I can. Follow me, youngster.' Accordingly I descended the ladder after him, then I went down another, and then to my surprise I was desired by him to go down a third, when he informed me that I was in the cock-pit.

'Now, youngster,' said Mr. Trotter, seating himself upon a large chest, 'you may do as you please. The midshipmen's mess is on the deck above this, and if you like to join, why you can; but this I will tell you as a friend, that you will be thrashed all day long and fare very badly; the weakest always goes to the wall there, but perhaps you do not mind that. Now that we are in harbor I mess here because Mrs. Trotter is on board. She is a very charming woman I can assure you, and will be here directly; she has just gone up into the galley to

look after a net of potatoes in the copper. If you like it better, I will ask her permission for you to mess with us. You will then be away from the midshipmen, who are a sad set, and will teach you nothing but what is immoral and improper, and you will have the advantage of being in good society, for Mrs. Trotter has kept the very best in England. I make you this offer because I want to oblige the first lieutenant, who appears to take an interest about you, otherwise I am not very fond of having any intrusion upon my domestic happiness.'

I replied that I was much obliged to him for his kindness, and that if it would not put Mrs. Trotter to an inconvenience, I should be happy to accept of his offer; indeed I thought myself very fortunate in having met with such a friend. I had scarcely time to reply when I perceived a pair of legs, cased in black cotton stockings, on the ladder above us, and it proved that they belonged to Mrs. Trotter, who came down the ladder with a net full of smoking potatoes.

'Upon my word Mrs. Trotter, you must be conscious of having a very pretty ankle, or you would not venture to display it, as you have to Mr. Simple, a young gentleman whom I beg to introduce to you, and who, with your permission, will join our mess.'

'My dear Trotter, how cruel of you not to give me warning; I thought that nobody was below. I declare I'm so ashamed,' continued the lady simpering, and covering her face with the hand which was unemployed.

'It can't be helped now, my love, neither was there anything to be ashamed of. I trust Mr. Simple and you will be very good friends. I believe I mentioned his desire to join our mess.'

'I am sure I shall be very happy in his company. This is a strange place for me to live in, Mr. Simple, after the society to which I have been accustomed; but affection can make any sacrifice, and rather than lose the company of my dear Trotter, who has been unfortunate in pecuniary matters—'

'Say no more about it, my love. Domestic happiness is everything, and will enliven even the gloom of a cock-pit.'

'And yet,' continued Mrs. Trotter, 'when I think of the time when we used to live in London, and keep our carriage. Have you ever been in London, Mr. Simple?'

I answered that I had.

'Then, probably, you may have been acquainted with, or have heard of, the Smiths.'

'I replied that the only people I knew there, were a Mr. and Mrs. Handycrock.'

'Well, if I had known that you were in London, I should have been very glad to have given you a letter of introduction to the Smiths. They are quite the topping people of the place.'

'But, my dear,' interrupted Mr. Trotter, 'is it not time to look after your dinner?'

'Yes; I am going forward for it now. We have skewer pieces today. Mr. Simple, will you excuse me?'—and then, with a great deal of flirtation and laughing about her ankles, and requesting me as a favor to turn my face away, Mrs. Trotter ascended the ladder.

As the reader may wish to know what sort of looking personage she was, I will take the opportunity to describe her. Her figure was very good, and at one period of her life I thought her face must have been very handsome; at the time I was introduced to her, it showed the ravages of time or hardship very distinctly; in short, she might be

termed a faded beauty, flaunting in her dress, and not very clean in her person.

'Charming woman, Mrs. Trotter, is she not Mr. Simple?' said the master's mate, to which of course I immediately acquiesced. 'Now, Mr. Simple,' continued he, 'there are a few arrangements which I had better mention while Mrs. Trotter is away, for she would be shocked at our talking about such things. Of course the style of living which we indulge in is rather expensive. Mrs. Trotter cannot dispense with her tea, and her other little comforts. At the same time I must put you to no extra expense, I had rather be out of pocket myself, I propose that during the time you mess with us, you shall only pay one guinea per week, and as for entrance money, why I think I must not charge you more than a couple of guineas. Have you any money?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I have three guineas and a half left.'

'Well, then, give me the three guineas, and the half-guinea you can reserve for pocket money. You must write to your friends immediately for a further supply.'

I handed him the money, which he put in his pocket. 'Your chest,' continued he, 'you shall bring down here, for Mrs. Trotter will, I am sure, if I request it, not only keep it in order for you, but see that your clothes are properly mended. She is a charming woman, Mrs. Trotter, and very fond of young gentlemen. How old are you?'

I replied that I was fifteen.

'No more! well, I am glad of that, for Mrs. Trotter is very particular after a certain age. I should recommend you on no account to associate with the other midshipmen. They are very angry with me, because I would not permit Mrs. Trotter to join their mess, and they are sad story tellers.'

'That they certainly are,' replied I, but here we were interrupted by Mrs. Trotter coming down with a piece of stick in her hand upon which were skewered about a dozen small pieces of beef and pork, which she first laid on a plate, and then began to lay the cloth, and prepare for dinner.

'Mr. Simple is only fifteen, my dear,' observed Mr. Trotter.

'Dear me,' replied Mrs. Trotter, 'why how tall he is! He is quite as tall, for his age, as young Lord Foutvetown, whom you used to take out with you in the *chay*. Do you know Lord Foutvetown, Mr. Simple?'

'No, I do not, ma'am, replied I, but, wishing to let them know that I was well connected, I continued, 'but I dare say that my grandfather, Lord Privilege, does.'

'God bless me, is Lord Privilege your grandfather? Well, I thought I saw a likeness somewhere. Don't you recollect Lord Privilege, my dear Trotter, that we met at Lady Scamp's—an elderly person! It's very ungrateful of you not to recollect him, for he sent you a very fine haunch of venison.'

'Privilege, bless me, yes. O yes! an old gentleman, is he not?' said Mr. Trotter appealing to me.

'Yes, Sir,' replied I, quite delighted to find myself among those who were acquainted with my family.

'Well, then, Mr. Simple,' said Mrs. Trotter, 'since we have the pleasure of being acquainted with your family, I shall now take you under my own charge, and I shall be so fond of you, that Trotter shall become quite jealous,' added she laughing. 'We have a poor dinner to-

day, for the bum-boat woman disappointed me. I particularly requested her to bring me off a leg of lamb, but she says that there was none in the market. It is rather early for it, that's true, but Trotter is very nice in his eating. Now let us sit down to dinner.'

I felt very sick indeed, and could eat nothing. Our dinner consisted of the pieces of beef and pork, the potatoes, and a baked pudding in a tin dish. Mr. Trotter went up to serve the spirits out to the ship's company, and returned with a bottle of rum.

'Have you got Mr. Simple's allowance, my love !' inquired Mrs. Trotter.

'Yes, he is victualled to-day, as he came on board before twelve o'clock. Do you drink spirits, Mr. Simple ?'

'No, I thank you,' replied I, for I remembered the captain's injunction.

'Taking as I do such an interest in your welfare, I must earnestly recommend you to abstain from that,' said Mr. Trotter. 'It is a very bad habit, and once acquired not easy to be left off. I am obliged to drink them that I may not check the perspiration after working in the hold ; I have, nevertheless, a natural abhorrence of them, but my champaign and claret days are gone bye, and I must submit to circumstances.'

'My poor Trotter !' said the lady.

'Well,' continued he, 'it's a poor heart that never rejoiceth.' He then poured out half a tumbler of rum, and filled the glass up with water.

'My love, will you taste it ?'

'Now, Trotter, you know that I never touch it, except when the water is so bad that I must have the taste taken away. How is the water to-day ?'

'As usual, my dear, not drinkable.' After much persuasion, Mrs. Trotter agreed to sip a little out of his glass. I thought that she took it pretty often considering that she did not like it, but I felt so unwell that I was obliged to go on the main deck. There I was met by a midshipman whom I had not seen before. He looked very earnestly in my face, and then asked my name. 'Simple,' said he ; 'what, are you the son of old Simple ?'

'Yes Sir,' replied I, astonished that so many should know my family. 'Well, I thought so by the likeness. And how is your father ?' 'Very well, I thank you, Sir.'

'When you write to him, make my compliments, and tell him that I desired to be particularly remembered to him ;' and he walked forward, but as he forgot to mention his own name, I could not do it.

I went to bed very tired ; Mr. Trotter had my hammock hung up in the cock-pit, separated by a canvass screen from the cot in which he slept with his wife. I thought this very odd, but they told me it was the general custom on board ship, although Mrs. Trotter's delicacy was very much shocked by it. I was very sick, but Mrs. Trotter was very kind. When I was in bed she kissed me and wished me good night, and very soon afterwards I fell fast asleep.

I awoke the next morning at day-light with a noise over my head which sounded like thunder ; I found it proceeded from holystoning and washing down the main deck. I was very much refreshed, nevertheless, and did not feel the least sick or giddy. Mr. Trotter, who had been up at four o'clock, came down and directed one of the marines to fetch me some water. I washed myself on my chest, and then went on the main

deck, which they were swabbing dry. Standing by the sentry at the cabin door, I met one of the midshipmen with whom I had been in company at the 'Blue Posts.'

'So, Master Simple, old Trotter and his faggot of a wife have got hold of you—have they?' said he. I replied, 'that I did not know the meaning of faggot, but that I considered Mrs. Trotter a very charming woman.' At which he burst into a loud laugh. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll just give you a caution. Take care, or they'll make a clean sweep. Has Mrs. Trotter shown you her ancle yet?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and a very pretty one it is.'

'Ah! she's at her old tricks. You had much better have joined our mess at once. You're not the first greenhorn that they have plucked. Well,' said he, as he walked away, 'keep the key of your own chest—that's all.'

But as Mr. Trotter had warned me that the midshipmen would abuse them, I paid very little attention to what he said. When he left me I went on the quarter-deck. All the sailors were busy at work, and the first lieutenant cried out to the gunner, 'Now, Mr. Dispart, if you are ready we'll breech these guns.'

'Now, my lads,' said the first lieutenant, 'we must slue (the part that breeches cover) more forward.' As I never heard of a gun having breeches, I was very curious to see what was going on, and went up close to the first lieutenant, who said to me, 'Youngster, hand me that monkey's tail.' I saw nothing like a monkey's tail, but I was so frightened that I snatched up the first thing which I saw, which was a short bar of iron, and it so happened that it was the very article which he wanted. When I gave it to him, the first lieutenant looked at me, and said, 'So you know what a monkey's tail is already, do you? Now don't you ever sham stupid after that.'

Thought I to myself, I'm very lucky, but if that's a monkey's tail it's a very stiff one!

I resolved to learn the names of everything as fast as I could, that I might be prepared, so I listened attentively to what was said; but I soon became quite confused, and despaired of remembering anything.

'How is this to be finished off, Sir?' inquired a sailor of the boatswain.

'Why, I beg leave to hint to you, Sir, in the most delicate manner in the world,' replied the boatswain, 'that it must be with a *double-wall*—and be d—d to you—don't you know that yet? Captain of the fore-top,' said he, 'up on your *horses*, and take your *stirrups* up three inches.'—'Aye, aye, Sir.' (I looked and looked, but I could see no horses.)

'Mr. Chucks,' said the first lieutenant to the boatswain, 'what blocks have we below—not on charge?'

'Let me see, Sir, I've one *sister*, t'other we split in half the other day, and I thinks I have a couple of *monkeys* down in the store-room. I say, you Smith, pass that brace through the bull's eye, and take the *sheep-shank* out before you come down.'

And then he asked the first lieutenant whether something should not be fitted with a *mouse* or only a *turk's-head*—told him the *goose-neck* must be spread out by the armorer as soon as the forge was up. In short, what with *dead-eyes* and *shrouds*, *cats* and *cat-blocks*, *dolphins* and *dolphin-strikers*, *whips* and *puddings*, I was so puzzled with what I heard that I was about to leave the deck in absolute despair.

'And, Mr. Chucks, recollect this afternoon that you *bleed* all the *buoys*.'

Bleed the boys, thought I, what can that be for; at all events, the surgeon appears to be the proper person to perform that operation.

This last incomprehensible remark drove me off the deck, and I retreated to the cock-pit, where I found Mrs. Trotter. 'O my dear!' said she, 'I am glad you are come, as I wish to put your clothes in order. Have you a list of them—where is your key?' I replied that I had not a list, and I handed her the key, although I did not forget the caution of the midshipman; yet I considered that there could be no harm in her looking over my clothes when I was present. She unlocked my chest, and pulled everything out, and then commenced telling me what were likely to be useful and what were not.

'Now these worsted stockings,' she said, 'will be very comfortable in cold weather, and in the summer time these brown cotton socks will be delightfully cool, and you have enough of each to last you till you outgrow them; but as for these fine cotton stockings they are of no use—only catch the dirt when the decks are swept, and always look untidy. I wonder how they could be so foolish as to send them; nobody wears them on board ship now-a-days. They are only fit for women—I wonder if they would fit me.' She turned her chair away, and put on one of my stockings, laughing the whole of the time. Then she turned round to me, and showed me how nice they fitted her. 'Bless you, Mr. Simple, it's well that Trotter is in the hold, he'd be so jealous—do you know what these stockings cost? They are no use to you, and they fit me. I will speak to Trotter, and take them off your hands.' I replied that I could not think of selling them, and as they were of no use to me and fitted her, I begged that she would except of the dozen pair. At first she positively refused, but as I pressed her she at last consented, and I was very happy to give them to her as she was very kind to me, and I thought, with her husband, that she was a very charming woman. We had beef-steaks and onions for dinner that day, but I could not bear the smell of the onions. Mr. Trotter came down very cross, because the first lieutenant had found fault with him. He swore that he would cut the service—that he had only remained to oblige the captain, who said he would sooner part with his right arm, and that he would demand satisfaction of the first lieutenant as soon as he could obtain his discharge. Mrs. Trotter did all she could to pacify him, reminded him that he had the protection of Lord this and Sir Thomas that, who would see him righted; but in vain. The first lieutenant had told him, he said, that he was not worth his salt, and blood only could wipe away the insult. He drank glass of grog after glass of grog, and each glass became more violent, and Mrs. Trotter drank also, I observed, a great deal more than I thought she ought to have done; but she whispered to me that she drank it that Trotter might not, as he would certainly be tipsy. I thought this very devoted on her part, but they sat so late that I went to bed and left them; he still drinking and vowing vengeance against the first lieutenant. I had not been asleep more than two or three hours when I was awakened by a great noise and quarrelling, and I discovered that Mr. Trotter was drunk and beating his wife. Very much shocked that such a charming woman should be beat and ill used, I scrambled out of my hammock to see if I could be of any assistance, but it was dark, although they scuffled as much as before. I asked the marine, who was sentry at the gun-room door above, to bring his lanthorn, and was very much

shocked at his replying that I had better go to bed, and let them fight it out.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Trotter, who had not taken off her clothes, came from behind the screen. I perceived at once that the poor woman could hardly stand; she reeled to my chest, where she sat down and cried. I pulled on my clothes as fast as I could, and then went up to her to console her; but she could not speak intelligibly. After attempting in vain to console her, she made me no answer, but staggered to my hammock, and after several attempts, succeeded in getting into it. I cannot say that I much liked that, but what could I do? So I finished dressing myself, and went up on the quarter-deck.

The midshipman who had the watch was the one who had cautioned me against the Trotters; he was very friendly to me. 'Well, Simple,' said he, 'what brings you on deck?' I told him how ill Mr. Trotter had behaved to his wife, and how she had turned into my hammock.

'The cursed drunken old catamaran,' cried he; 'I'll go and cut her down by the head;' but I requested he would not, as she was a lady.

'A lady,' replied he; 'yes, there's plenty of ladies of her description;' and then he informed me that she had many years ago been the mistress of a man of fortune who kept a carriage for her; but that he grew tired of her, and had given Trotter £200 to marry her, and that now they did nothing but get drunk together and fight with each other.

I was very much annoyed to hear all this; but as I perceived that Mrs. Trotter was not sober, I began to think that what the midshipman said was true. 'I hope,' added he, 'that she has not had time to wheedle you out of any of your clothes.'

I told him that I had given her a dozen pair of stockings, and had paid Mr. Trotter three guineas for my mess. 'This must be looked too,' replied he; 'I shall speak to the first lieutenant to-morrow. In the mean time, I shall get your hammock for you. Quarter Master, keep a good look out.' He then went below, and I followed him, to see what he would do. He went to my hammock and lowered it down at one end, so that Mrs. Trotter lay with her head on the deck in a very uncomfortable position. To my astonishment, she swore at him in a dreadful manner, but refused to turn out. He was abusing her, and shaking her in the hammock, when Mr. Trotter, who had been roused at the noise, rushed from behind the screen. 'You villain! what are you doing with my wife?' cried he, pummelling at him as well as he could, for he was so tipsy that he could hardly stand.

I thought the midshipman able to take care of himself, and did not wish to interfere; so I remained above, looking on—the sentry standing by me with his lanthorn over the coombings of the hatchway, to give light to the midshipman, and to witness the fray. Mr. Trotter was soon knocked down, when all of a sudden Mrs. Trotter jumped up from the hammock, and caught the midshipman by the hair, and pulled at him. Then the sentry thought right to interfere; he called out for the master-at-arms, and went down himself to help the midshipman, who was faring badly between the two. But Mrs. Trotter snatched the lanthorn out of his hand and smashed it all to pieces, and then we were all left in darkness, and I could not see what took place, although the scuffling continued. Such was the posture of affairs when the master-at-arms came down with his light. The midshipman and sentry came up the ladder, and Mr. and Mrs. Trotter were beating each other. To this, none

of them paid any attention, saying, as the sentry had said before, 'Let them fight it out.'

After they had fought some time, they retired behind the screen, and I followed the advice of the midshipman, and got into my hammock, which the master-at-arms hung up again for me. I heard Mr. and Mrs. Trotter both crying and kissing each other. 'Cruel, cruel, Mr. Trotter,' said she, blubbing.

'My life, my love, I was so jealous,' replied he.

'D——n and blast your jealousy,' replied the lady; 'I've two nice black eyes for the galley to-morrow.' In about an hour of kissing and scolding, they both fell asleep again.

The next morning before breakfast, the midshipman reported to the first lieutenant, the conduct of Mr. Trotter and his wife. I was sent for, and obliged to acknowledge that it was all true. He sent for Mr. Trotter, who replied that he was not well, and could not come on deck. Upon which, the first lieutenant ordered the serjeant of marines to bring him up directly. Mr. Trotter made his appearance, with one eye closed, and his face very much scratched.

'Did not I desire you, Sir,' said the first lieutenant, 'to introduce this young gentleman into the midshipmen's berth? instead of which, you have introduced him to that disgraceful wife of yours, and have swindled him out of his property. I order you immediately to return the three guineas which you received as mess-money, and also that your wife give back the stockings which she cajoled him out of.'

But then I interposed, and told the first lieutenant that the stockings had been a free gift on my part; and that, although I had been very foolish, yet that I considered that I could not in honor demand them back again.

'Well, youngster,' replied the first lieutenant; 'perhaps your ideas are correct, and if you wish it, I will not enforce that part of my order; but,' continued he to Mr. Trotter, 'I desire, Sir, that your wife leaves the ship immediately; and I trust, that when I have reported your conduct to the captain, that he will serve you in the same manner. In the meantime, you will consider yourself under an arrest for drunkenness.'

The captain came on board about twelve o'clock, and ordered the discharge of Mr. Trotter to be made out, as soon as the first lieutenant had reported what had occurred. He then sent for all the midshipmen on the quarter-deck.

'Gentlemen,' said the captain to them, with a stern countenance, 'I feel very much indebted to some of you for the character which you have been pleased to give of me to Mr. Simple. I must now request that you will answer a few questions which I am about to put in his presence. Did I ever flog the whole starboard watch, because the ship would only sail nine knots on a bowling?'

'No, Sir, no !' replied they all, very much frightened.

'Did I ever give a midshipman four dozen for not having his weekly accounts pipeclayed, or another five dozen for wearing a scarlet watch ribbon?'

'No, Sir,' replied they altogether.

'Did any midshipman ever die on his chest from fatigue?'

They again replied in the negative.

'Then, gentlemen, you will oblige me by stating which of you thought proper to assert these falsehoods in a public coffee-room; and further, which of you obliged this youngster to risk his life in a duel?'

'They were all silent.

'Will you answer me, gentlemen?'

'With respect to the duel, Sir,' replied the midshipman who had fought me, 'I *heard* say that the pistols were only charged with powder. It was a joke.'

'Well, Sir, we'll allow that the duel was only a joke, (and I hope and trust that your report is correct ;) is the reputation of your captain only a joke allow me to ask? I request to know who of you dared to propagate such injurious slander? (Here there was a dead pause.) Well then, gentlemen, since you will not confess yourselves, I must refer to my authority. Mr. Simple, have the goodness to point out the person or persons who gave you the information.'

But I thought this would not be fair ; and as they had all treated me very kindly after the duel, I resolved not to tell, so I answered, 'If you please, Sir, I consider that I told you all that in confidence.'

'Confidence, Sir,' replied the captain ; 'who ever heard of confidence between a post captain and a midshipman?'

'No, Sir,' replied I, 'not between a post captain and a midshipman, but between two gentlemen.'

The first lieutenant, who stood by the captain, put his hand before his face to hide a laugh. 'He may be a fool, Sir,' observed he to the captain, aside, 'but I can assure you he is a very straight-forward one.'

The captain bit his lip, and then turning to the midshipmen, said, 'You may thank Mr. Simple, gentlemen, that I do not press this matter further. I do believe that you were not serious when you calumniated me ; but recollect that what is said in joke is too often repeated in earnest. I trust that Mr. Simple's conduct will have its effect, and that you leave off practising upon him who has saved you from a very severe punishment.'

When the midshipmen went down below, they all shook hands with me, and said that I was a good fellow for not peaching ; but as for the advice of the captain that they should not practise upon me, as he termed it, they forgot that, for they commenced again immediately, and never left off until they found that I was not to be deceived any longer.

I had not been ten minutes in the berth, before they began their remarks upon me. One said that I looked like a hardy fellow, and asked me whether I could not bear a great deal of sleep.

I replied 'that I could I dare say, if it was necessary for the good of the service ;' at which they laughed, and I supposed that I had said a good thing.'

'Why here's Tomkins,' said the midshipman ; 'he'll show you how to perform that part of your duty. He inherits it from his father, who was a marine officer. He can snore for fourteen hours on a stretch without once turning round in his hammock, and finish his nap on his chest during the whole of the day, except meal times.'

But Tomkins defended himself, by saying, that 'some people were very quick in doing things, and others were very slow ; that he was one of the slow ones, and that he did not in reality obtain more refreshment from his long naps than other people did in short ones, because he slept much slower than they did.'

This ingenious argument was, however, overruled *nem. con.*, as it was proved that he ate pudding faster than any one in the mess.

The postman came on board with the letters, and put his head into the midshipman's berth. I was very anxious to have one from home, but I

was disappointed. Some had letters and some had not. Those who had not, declared that their parents were very undutiful, and that they would cut them off with a shilling ; and those who had letters, after they had read them, offered them for sale to the others, usually at half price. I could not imagine why they sold, or why the others bought them : but they did do so ; and one that was full of good advice was sold three times ; from which circumstance I was inclined to form a better opinion of the morals of my companions. The lowest priced letters sold were those written by sisters. I was offered one for a penny, but I declined buying, as I had plenty of sisters of my own. Directly I made that observation, they immediately inquired all their names and ages, and whether they were pretty or not. When I had informed them, they quarrelled to whom they should belong. One would have Lucy and another took Mary, but there was a great dispute about Ellen, as I had said that she was the prettiest of the whole. At last they agreed to put her up to auction, and she was knocked down to a master's mate of the name of O'Brien, who bid seventeen shillings and a bottle of rum. They requested that I would write home to give their love to my sisters, and tell them how they had been disposed of, which I thought very strange ; but I ought to have been flattered at the price bid for Ellen, as I repeatedly have since been witness to a very pretty sister being sold for a glass of grog.

I mentioned the reason why I was so anxious for a letter, viz. because I wanted to buy my dirk and cocked hat ; upon which they told me that there was no occasion for my spending my money, as by the regulations of the service, the purser's steward served them out to all the officers who applied for them. As I knew where the purser's steward's room was, having seen it when down in the cock-pit with the Trotters, I went down immediately. ' Mr. Purser's steward,' says I, ' let me have a cocked hat and dirk immediately.'

' Very good, Sir,' replied he, and he wrote an order upon a slip of paper which he handed to me. ' There is the order for it, Sir ; but the cocked hats are kept up in the chest in the main-top ; and as for the dirk you must apply to the butcher, who has them under his charge.'

I went up with the order, and thought I would first apply for the dirk ; so I inquired for the butcher, whom I found sitting in the sheep pen with the sheep, mending his trowsers. In reply to my demand, he told me that he had not the key of the store-room, which was under the charge of one of the corporals of marines.

I inquired who, and he said Cheeks * the marine.

I went everywhere about the ship, inquiring for Cheeks the marine, but could not find him. Some said that they believed he was in the fore-top, standing sentry over the wind, that it might not change ; others, that he was in the galley, to prevent the midshipmen from soaking their biscuit in the captain's dripping-pan. At last I inquired of some of the women who were standing between the guns on the main-deck, and one of them answered that it was no use looking for him among them as they all had husbands, and Cheeks was a *widow's man*.†

As I could not find the marine, I thought I might as well go for my cocked hat, and get my dirk afterwards. I did not much like going up the rigging, because I was afraid of turning giddy, and if I fell overboard,

* This celebrated personage is the prototype of Mr. Nobody on board of a man-of-war.

† Widow's men are imaginary sailors, borne on the books, and receiving pay and prize-money, which is appropriated to Greenwich hospital.

I could not swim ; but one of the midshipmen offered to accompany me, stating that I need not be afraid, if I did fall overboard, of sinking to the bottom, as if I was giddy, my head, at all events, *would swim* ; so I determined to venture. I climbed up very near to the main-top, but not without missing the little ropes very often, and grazing the skin off my shins. Then I came to large ropes stretched out from the mast, so that you must climb them with your head backwards. The midshipman told me these were called the cat-harpings, because they were so difficult to climb, that a cat would expostulate if ordered to go out by them. I was afraid to venture, and then he proposed that I should go through lubber's hole, which he said had been made for people like me. I agreed to attempt it, as it appeared more easy, and at last arrived, quite out of breath, and very happy to find myself in the main-top.

The captain of the main-top was there with two other sailors. The midshipman introduced me very politely :—' Mr. Jenkins—Mr. Simple, midshipman,—Mr. Simple, Mr. Jenkins, captain of the main-top. Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Simple has come up with an order for a cocked hat.' The captain of the top replied that he was very sorry that he had not one in store, but the last had been served out to the captain's monkey. This was very provoking. The captain of the top then asked me if I was ready with my *footing*.

I replied, 'not very, for I had lost it two or three times when coming up.' He laughed and replied, that I should lose it altogether before I went down ; and that I must *hand* it out. '*Hand out my footing*,' said I, puzzled, and appealing to the midshipman, 'What does he mean ?' 'He means that you must fork out a seven shilling bit.' I was just as wise as ever, and stared very much ; when Mr. Jenkins desired the other men to get half a dozen *fozes* and make a *spread eagle* of me unless he had his parkisite. I never should have found out what it all meant, had not the midshipman, who laughed till he cried, at last informed me that it was the custom to give the men something to drink the first time that I came aloft, and that, if I did not, they would tie me up to the rigging.

Having no money in my pocket, I promised to pay them as soon as I went below ; but Mr. Jenkins would not trust me. I then became very angry, and inquired of him 'if he doubted my honor.' He replied, 'Not in the least, but that he must have the seven shillings before I went below.' 'Why, Sir,' said I, 'do you know who you are speaking to ? I am an officer and a gentleman. Do you know who my grandfather is ?'

'O yes,' replied he, 'very well.'

'Then, who is he, Sir ?' replied I very angrily.

'Who is he ! why he's the Lord knows who.'

'No,' replied I, 'that's not his name ; he is Lord Privilege.' (I was very much surprised that he knew that my grandfather was a lord.) 'And do you suppose,' continued I, 'that I would forfeit the honor of my family for a paltry seven shillings ?'

This observation of mine, and a promise on the part of the midshipman, who said he would be bail for me, satisfied Mr. Jenkins, and he allowed me to go down the rigging. I went to my chest, and paid the seven shillings to one of the topmen who followed me, and then went up on the main-deck, to learn as much as I could of my profession. I asked a great many questions of the midshipmen relative to the guns, and they crowded round me to answer them. One told me they were called the frigate's *teeth*, because they stopped the Frenchman's *jaw*. Another

midshipman said that he had been so often in action that he was called the *Fire-eater*. I asked him how it was that he escaped being killed. He replied that he always made it a rule, upon the first cannon ball coming through the ship's side, to put his head into the hole which it had made; as by a calculation made by Professor Innman, the odds were 32,647 and some decimals to boot, that another ball would not come in at the same hole. 'That's what I never should have thought of.'

A STRAY LEAF IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NOVELIST.

'The why—the where—what *boots* it now to tell?'—CORSAIR.

'My Majesty! this is mere diversion!'—WIDOW CHESHIRE.

'CONFOUND this gout!' pettishly exclaimed Mr. Walton, as he rose from his solitary dinner.

Now, Mr. Walton was a *bon vivant*, a humorist of the first fashion, a tale-writer (it must be owned) of the first talent, and one whose society was so constantly courted, in all dinner-giving and literary circles, that a lonely meal was a most unusual and unpleasant occurrence to him.

'Well,' continued he, 'I must, per force, content myself with another day of sofa and Quarterly;' for Mr. Walton ranked among the most devoted adherents to the Quarterly creed of politics.

Scarcely had he uttered these words, in a tone half peevish and half resigned, when a servant handed him a letter, bearing an official seal of stupendous dimensions, and marked in the corner, 'private and confidential.'

Walton eagerly opened the envelope, and to his no small dismay, learned that the great man on whose smiles he lived, and to whose fortunes and party he was attached (by a snug place), required immediate information on subjects connected with our naval establishments, into the expenditure of which, the great political economist, on the *opposite* side of the house, intended to make certain inquiries in the course of a night or two. Mr. Walton was requested, not to say commanded, to see the commissioner at Portsmouth as speedily as possible, to investigate facts, and to report progress on his return. It was at the same time delicately hinted, that the expenses of this important mission, would be defrayed by the writer from that convenient and ever-open source, the public purse.

'A journey of seventy-two miles when I'd resolved upon quiet: but in the service of one's country, when it costs one nothing! Well, I must forget the gout, or lose my——. Hang it! I can't call on the commissioner in list slippers. Travers! step up to Hoby's, and tell him to send me a pair of boots, somewhat larger than my usual fit; and take

a place in the Portsmouth coach for to-morrow morning; 'tis too late to night for the mail—but d'ye hear? not in my name, as I travel incog.'

Walton made the few arrangements for so short an absence from town, retired earlier than usual to bed, was horrified at the imperative necessity of rising before the sun, found himself booked by his literal servant as 'Mr. Incog,' had the coach to himself, and at six o'clock in the evening, alighted at the George, in High-street.

Travelling without a servant, and with so scanty an allowance of baggage, he was ushered into the coffee-room, of which he found himself the sole occupant, asked for the bill of fare, and was served with the usual delicacies of a coffee-room dinner; cold soup, stale fish, oiled butter, rancid anchovy, flabby veal-cutlet, with mildewed mushroom sauce. Cape and brandy, doing duty for sherry, and a genuine bottle of South-ampton port, so well known by the seducing appellation of 'Black-strap.' All these luxuries were brought him by a lout of a boy, who looked more like a *helper* than a waiter.

'Well,' thought Walton, 'the sooner I complete my mission the better. I could not bear this sort of thing long. How far is it to the Dock-yard, waiter?'

'I don't know; master can tell'e; its no use your going there now, the gates be shut.'

'But I wish to see Sir Henry Grayhurst, the commissioner.'

'He be gone to the Isle of Wight with his family, so I heerd master say.'

'Is he expected back soon?'

'Lord, Sir, how can I tell? if you ask master, he do know.'

'Pleasant and intelligent youth!' sighed Walton, 'I'll put him into my next sketch. Well, I've had the bore of this day's journey for nothing, since the man I came to see is absent, as if on purpose to oblige me. How extremely agreeable! I must 'ask master' then. Tell the landlord I want him.'

'Master and missus be gone to the play; it's old Kelly's benefit, and they do go every year.'

'The play! there's comfort in the name; anything is preferable to this lonely, gloomy coffee-room. Send the chambermaid to me.'

An old woman, with a flat tin-candlestick, led the way to a small inconvenient room up numerous flights of stairs, not evincing the slightest sympathy with the limp of our traveller, who, by the way, had nearly forgotten his gout in his annoyances. She assured him that all the best rooms were engaged.

What soothers of irritated feelings are soap and water! Walton washed his handsome face, and aristocratic hands, (novelist-ink had not spoiled them,) got rid of his dusty travelling suit, put on a capacious king's-stock with flowing black drapery, and a well-regulated and well-braided Stultz. His ready-made Hoby's he consigned to 'boots,' having assumed the *bas de soie* and easy pumps. Leaving word that he should require something for supper, he bent his steps to the theatre.

The acting was sufficiently bad to amuse him, and at a moment when the attention of the audience was directed to the closing scene of the

tragedy, and the ladies of the Point were weeping at the distress of the lady *in point*, the door of an opposite box was opened by the identical lout who had waited on him at dinner. The lad, making his way through a box-full of over-dressed and vulgar-looking people, whispered to a man in a blue coat and powdered head, singling out Walton as though *he* was the subject of this unexpected communication. The landlord of the 'George,' for it was no less a personage, started up, and instantly left the house, accompanied by the females of his party.

When the curtain fell, a whisper spread from box to box, and during the farce Walton could not help perceiving that he had become a greater attraction in the eyes of the audience than the performers were.

'What the devil does all this mean?' thought he; 'have they found out *what I am*?' Perhaps they never saw a live author before. Let them stare. If they like to make a lion of me, I'll humor the joke.'

On rising to leave the house, Walton found that the door was thronged with people, who, as he approached, respectfully made way for him, and he overheard sundry *sotto voce* remarks as he passed—'That's he.'—'Arrived this evening.'—'Incog.'—'Staying at the George?'

Wondering at the extraordinary interest he had excited, congratulating himself on an evidence of fame that Sir Walter himself might have envied, and followed by a crowd, he reached the inn. Three or four spruce waiters in *their* full dress, received him at the gateway, with most obsequious homage. The landlord (his hair re-powdered for the occasion) carrying a silver branch of four wax-lights, stepped up to him with a low bow.

'This way, an' please your —, this way. Supper is ready for your —.'

Walton, indulging his love of comic adventure, followed his guide with a dignified air into the drawing-room. The splendid chandelier threw a flood of light over a table, covered 'with every delicacy of the season.' His host lamented that the champagne had not been longer in ice, and was distressed at having been absent from home when his illustrious guest arrived. Waiters flew about anticipating the asking eye, and, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, 'all was alacrity and adulation.' Walton could not help contrasting the indifference which he encountered at his afternoon meal with the courtesy which graced his evening repast. He made ample amends to his insulted appetite, and regretted that he had no friend to partake in the joke, for he began to find these mysterious attentions too vast for even his literary vanity to swallow. Remembering the purport of his visit, he inquired 'how soon the commissioner was expected to return?'

'Sir Henry came back this evening, may it please—'

'I must see him to-morrow early: take care I am called at eight.'

'A carriage shall be in attendance, your—'

'No, no; my visit is of a private nature.'

'I understand, so please—and will caution my servants.'

Walton, after having discussed some well-made *bishop*, and a segar or two, rang for a night-candle. The attentive landlord, like Monk

Lewis' beautiful spirit, still bearing the silver branch, led the way to the best bed-room. Walton thought of the loftily-situated apartment first allotted to him, and smiled. Dismissing his officious attendant, he retired to rest.

The next morning, somewhat tired by the parade of the past night, he breakfasted in his bed-room, and was preparing for his visit to the dock-yard, when his persevering host entered, beseeching the honor of showing him the way. His offer was accepted; and finding that the champagne had renewed his gouty symptoms, Walton took advantage of his companion's supporting arm. The good man appeared overwhelmed with his condescension, and looked unutterable things, at the various acquaintance he encountered in his way. At the dock gate, Walton left his delighted cicerone, who intimated his ambition to remain there, to have the supreme felicity of showing him the way back.

Some hours rolled away, during which our traveller received the information he had sought, which appeared of so much import to the Right Honorable —, on whose behalf he had made the inquiry, that he determined on leaving Portsmouth instantly. A footman of the commissioner's was dispatched for a chaise and four, with directions that the bill should be brought at the same time. Down rattled the chaise, and down came waiters, chambermaids, boots, and all 'the militia of the inn,' to the dock-yard! Walton, without looking at items, put the amount into the hands of his gratified host, distributed his favors liberally to the domestics, threw a crown-piece at the head of the lout, and stepped into his chaise, amidst huzzas from the many idlers who had joined the *Georgians*.

'Long life to the Grand —' were the only words the noise of the wheels permitted him to hear.

He reached London, without any farther adventure, in as short a time as four horses could get over the ground. Arrived at his home, he instantly forwarded the essential documents to his patron; and having disburthened himself of the more weighty affair, fell into a series of conjectures, as to the possible motives for the reverential deference he had met with. Tired with conflicting speculations, between his fond wishes to attribute it all to his literary reputation, and his secret fears that the homage was somewhat too profound, even for a *litterateur* of his eminence to reckon upon, he kicked off *his boots!* Certain characters on the morocco lining attracted his attention. In a moment the mystery was solved. On decyphering them, he discovered no less a title than that of

‘THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS!’

for whom the Hoby's had been originally designed—for whom they had proved either too large, or too small; and *for* whom also—our literary diplomatist had been mistaken, from the moment that he consigned them to the polishing hands of the wise waiter at the George!

'Fairly hooked,' muttered Walton, as he went grumbling up to bed, and hoping the newspapers on the other side might never get hold of the story.

OLD SAWS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

BY ANDREW PICKEN.

It is perfectly admitted, and well understood, that young ladies now-a-days have no sense, and, don't know anything. Indeed, it would be remarkable if they did ; for where, I should like to know, would they get their knowledge ? or how should it come to them ? not, I am sure, out of the keys of the piano-forte, on which they are jigging from morning till night ; or by pulling at the hard strings of the harp, with which they are tiring their arms, and hurting their dear little fingers, whenever they leave the other instrument. Still less can they be supposed to imbibe any wholesome knowledge from their everlasting practising (as often as the other exercises will let them) of the figures of the latest quadrilles, or galloping after each other in the mazy movements of the gallopade. As little can they learn to know what is what, by a pedantic jabbering of foreign lingoes ; or understand how to keep an honest man's house, by drawing faces all day on a paper,—painting China roses with a little water and carmine, or making ugly tulips by wasting good colors, daubed in splatches upon a china plate. Doubtless, all those employments are extremely fashionable and fine ; and besides being exceedingly profitable, in particular to certain foreigners, who come to live upon the English by teaching these precious accomplishments, are happily calculated for making ladies brilliant and showy, and for emptying the purses of their indulgent papas, as well as for withdrawing their own attention from everything that may tend to bring out their latent virtues, or to give them a little good sense and mind furnishing, or aught else that might come to be really useful to them in their years of discretion. The worst of it, however, is, that this brilliancy and cleverness at everything that is fine, is becoming so common, that it is no longer a mark of much distinction ; while, in the mean time, sensible knowledge and housewife mother-wit are gone clean out of fashion,—it having been discovered, in these enlightened times, that ladies are born for no other purpose than to play music all day, and dance gallopades all night.

Not that I would in the least be thought to find fault with this kind of life ; for it is only common gallantry to admit, that ladies ought to do just as they please—everything they do being quite right—and that the men have nought to do but to pay for it. But as the present fashion in woman's education may happen to change, and as the manner of fashion is that old fashions just come in again after the new become tiresome, I have thought it best to be beforehand with the world, and to lay before it a few of those old saws and quaint sayings which used to be in vogue before the march of intellect times came in, and by which the world was governed in old times, long before any of us were born. In those days, it having been thought expedient that women should have some general principles impressed upon them for their

own guidance through life, as well as some comprehensive maxims of applicable knowledge of the things around them, ingrafted upon their memories, the fashion was, to convey those principles or maxims generally, in such short and pithy sentences as could be easily floated about like current coin, for every-day use, and could conveniently be carried in the mind for any necessary occasion. It was the use of these profound condensations of all knowledge, that made the ladies of old so wise and lofty in their way; but how they did without piano-fortes, and harps, and gallopades, it certainly puzzles me to know. They must, after all, have been but ignorant vulgar creatures, compared to the Pene-lopes and Lucretias of the present day.

However this may be, it is certain that proverbs, and these sort of sayings, were fashionable, in very ancient times; and whatever is in fashion being naturally respectable, the highest philosophers occupied themselves in the making or collecting of them. Seneca made them in ancient times, and so did Socrates, who had the bad wife; not to speak of king Solomon, who had more wives than he knew well how to manage. Saint Paul also said, in a very ungallant proverb, which is in common use with the Spaniards at this day,—namely, that ‘he that marrieth a wife, doeth well, but he that marrieth not, doeth far better:’ but St. Paul was a bachelor who never knew the comfort of a wife; and the ladies are not at all obliged to him for this saying. In late times, our own philosophers propounded proverbs. The great Lord Bacon himself collected them, and so did the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh; Archbishop Lowth wrote a discourse upon them; Cardinal Beaton, in Scotland, published a collection of them, and so did Camden, the antiquarian. Our own Alfred the Great taught his people by these means; and Scottish Jamie, the successor of Elizabeth, was so fond of them, that he seldom spoke but he seasoned his speech with these quaint sayings of oral wisdom. But, indeed, the Scots were always a rare people for the making of proverbs; and whatever sayings the Romans had current, in their own dry and sententious style, the Scots put into a form of excellent humor or quaint illustration, though not always expressed in those delicate terms which would make them look pretty out of the mouths of ladies. In addition to this, my erudite reader does not require to be reminded how largely the continental nations—particularly the Spaniards, the most witty nation in Europe, and the modern Italians—make use, to this day, of those pleasant fragments of condensed observations, and those characteristic scraps of common-sense philosophy, which have of late been so much banished from English colloquism. All this, however, and much more that we could add, may serve to show that we have not taken up a disreputable subject; but it is time that we should proceed to apply a few of those sayings which used to make up, perhaps, the best part of the practical wisdom of our fathers.

It is a pleasant thing, no doubt, to see a pretty maiden, who dances, like moonlight on the twinkling waters, and plays all manner of difficult music, and who has as many superficial accomplishments as would furnish out an opera girl; yet, if she has no great dower to back these

agreeable frivolities, she may hang long on the hands of her foolish parents, according to the proverb,

A fair maiden, dowerless, is seen to get more wooers than husbands; because the men, now-a-days, know well that

A fair wife, without a dowry, is like a fine house without furniture; and the Italians say, *La porta di dietro e quella che quasta la casa*—which, being Anglicised, maketh this rhyming proverb,

A nice wife, and a back door,
Doth often make a rich man poor.

And therefore, it is rather a doubtful speculation, for parents to bring up daughters to the mere trade of playing ladies all their days, without any other useful or commendable quality, as is too much the practice of the present day.

I would not be so plain spoken on this delicate point, but that it is pretty freely admitted, that the great end of a lady's education is, that she may commend herself to a good husband; and if so, it is really paying a bad compliment to our sex, to suppose that they set a higher value upon mere fashionable accomplishments, than they do upon more useful or substantial virtues. If the plan is a matter of speculation, as it in general is, which agrees with the natural propensity of man to gamble in his own fortune and that of his children; it certainly may be true, that a pretty flirt, who can do nothing but show off in a drawing-room and spend money, does, now and then, succeed in catching a sickly nabob from the East Indies, or a senseless old man from the wealthy neighborhood of Cripplegate or Crutched-friars, who has, by long plodding, muddled himself into a fortune; and, adjourning to the West-end in the evening of his days, marries a wife to teach him to be a gentleman. Whether the lady gets any very desirable bargain, who obtains a catch of this kind, it is for sensible girls to consider; but the number of these God-sends, compared to that of the old maids, which this system of unsuitable education entails upon every passing generation, is really becoming quite alarming; for it is not in the nature of things, that many of the ladies, who are merely taught to dance, and dress, and spend money, can obtain proper matches in these hard times. The ladies are not aware how much the men are guarded by their own good sense, and the common maxims of the world, against these merely showy and expensive accomplishments; and how they make dress and exterior finery, the representative of this species of vanities, a caution against their influence. Indeed, caustic truisms upon their nature, run through the proverbs of all nations. Thus the old Spanish proverb was, in our father's days, appropriated for English instruction, and is thus rendered—

If thou choosest a wife, choose her on a Saturday, and not on a Sunday; that is to say, look at her in her plain dress and every-day circumstances, and judge of her not in her holiday appearance. The Italians appropriating, and more fully expressing, the proverb, say,

Choose neither women nor linen by candlelight.

And even the thoughtless French have this maxim,

Femme sotte se cognoit à la cotte;

concluding, that a foolish woman may be known by her finery. The Scots also, appropriating these proverbs in various forms, add,

A dink maiden aft makes a dirty wife.

And teaching, that the man who marries for such sort of qualities, has little chance of any real affection, say,

He that has a bonnie wife, needs mair than twa een;

and,

He sairly wants a wife who marries mamma's pet.

And guarding young men in Scotland also, as well as the English, against 'whistling maidens and crowing hens,' they say,

Maidens should be mild and meek,
Swift to hear, and slow to speak;

which would be requiring an absolute impossibility, if maidens can speak French, Italian, Spanish, and so forth; for what were they taught these foreign lingoos for, but to speak them every hour that they can get men to listen to them? And what is the value of all their elaborate and showy accomplishments, if they are not to be frequently exhibited? And yet the maxim is turned into a rhyme which saith—

A maid oft seen, and a gown oft worn,
Are disesteemed and held in scorn.

Yet the maid *must* be oft seen, and often heard too, according to the present mode of her rearing, whether she be disesteemed or not; but as to the gown being oft worn, that she will take care shall not be the case, if she can avoid it, as fathers and husbands know to their cost; for she will hold it in scorn herself, for the desire of a new one; although, in addition to all these proverbial sayings, Shakspeare, holding in scorn himself, because the apparel proclaims the man and the woman,—

Silken coats and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
And amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery;—

asks, by the mouth of the spirited Petruchio,

What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O! no, good Kate!—

But I must not say more on this subject, else the milliners and haberdashers will get up a conspiracy against me. And yet this passion

for dress is so strong in young ladies, (and sometimes, too, in those that are not *very* young,) that it is necessary to be kept constantly in check; and so I will not be deterred, by the threats of drapers and dress-makers, from doing my duty, and repeating the proverb, for the benefit of married ladies, which saith,

The more women look in their glasses, the less they look to their houses.

And, besides this, there is the consideration of the expense; for, saith another proverb,

Silks and satins put out the fire in the kitchen.

And though dress is a brave thing, and beauty is pleasant to look upon, yet there is danger in giving too much way to these outside attractions, which are apt to bring the dear ladies into twenty troubles which they little dream of; for, saith the Italian proverb,

A fair woman and a slashed gown, find always some nail in the way.

Besides, there is a constant temptation in it, to cause the ladies to dislike their homes, and to send them a gallivanting abroad; and so, as another Italian proverb hath it,

Women and hens, through too much gadding, get lost;

which is a melancholy consummation, and ought to be guarded against.

But concerning love and marriage, and all that sort of thing, subjects which are ever interesting to the ladies, I have many shrewd things to say, if I dared say them; but the proverbs and wise maxims of nations shall say them for me, at least in part, and so the dear and interesting creatures shall not put the blame upon me, for speaking too broadly my mind; or consider me their enemy, because I would tell them a word of truth.

It is wonderful what a difference there is between parents and children, and at least always between mothers and daughters, upon this subject. But, although fathers and mothers are too apt to forget that ever they were young, wilful girls, if afflicted with love, never will allow themselves to look an inch before the present moment, or at least beyond the honey-moon—which is, of course, to last all their lives, if they can only get the object of their present fancy. Not that the dear young creature does not ruminate, and consider, and think very profoundly, to convince herself that she is in the right; but the difference is, that she does not know what her mother probably has known, and what William Shakspeare, a shrewd man, has written, viz., that

Love reasons without reason.

If she is in the midst of her pleasing delusion, to be sure her lover, in whom she sees (at present) nothing but perfection, may make her imagine anything; for, in those delightful interviews,

How silver-sweet sound lover's tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears.

Yet how does she know, although I would not have a young lady suspicious, but that

She, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon a spotted and inconstant man.

For the men—it is needless to cloak it—are not all so good as the ladies would wish them; and, indeed, it is the nature of some hearts, both of man and woman, to be inconstant. And love is, after all, somewhat selfish, if one dared say it; besides, it is the nature of strong passion to exhaust itself, of which fair maidens ought to beware; for, saith the Scots song, versifying the proverb,

Ripest fruit is soonest rotten,
Hottest love is soonest cold;
Three fair maids are easy courted,
Though they're slighted when they're old.

That, however, is an unpleasant termination of the verse; for ladies, as is well known, never grow old. But concerning what we are on, the worst and most dangerous thing in the case is, the dear sweet *secrecy* with which these affairs are in general carried on, and the little opportunity there is for advice or warning being even offered. Then, if the heart of the maiden be soft, and the head be without experience, and the lover be rash and foolish, as is all quite likely—not to speak of his being wilfully deceitful and wickedly selfish, as has happened before now—then is the preparation for troubles well begun; and, if the maiden's nature is sincere and affectionate, this is, indeed, the beginning of sorrows,—for, as Shakspeare again saith,

This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property undoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures.

And then some bad thing is done, which brings a long day of weary and unavailing repentance; and parents are sunk in distress and disappointment, and daughters are distraught and broken-hearted, and either go early to an eagerly-sought grave, or become old and soured in spirit before their time; and the tragedian or the novelist, perhaps, tells their tale; for, unhappily, it is the nature of the female condition, as the proverb expresses it,

Make but one false step, and you fall to the bottom;

which is a sad truth; but this is the way of the world. Alas! as Shakspeare saith,

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

However, these things do not happen every day; for it is not every mind, after all, that is capable of love in any high degree, so as to endanger the

breaking of hearts, and such tragical doings. Besides, many women's fancy is as fickle as men's can possibly be, and many a national proverb goes to verify this. Let one be taken from the Scots,—

A woman's mind is like the wind in a winter's night,
gusty and uncertain ; or, as the English proverb hath it,

Winter weather and women's thoughts often change :

and so the only danger is of rash engagements, or hasty steps, when the fit is on her. It is on this, and all the foregoing accounts, that the authority and experience of parents is, by all nations, held as of such paramount value in directing the choice of thoughtless youth of both sexes, particularly of females ; and although the old people are in general, too much disposed to be mercenary, and to regard the matter in the light of a bargain, with too little reference to the feelings of youth, the latter, on the other hand, are, as already hinted, but little capable of judging judiciously with a wise reference to the whole of mature life, and all that is required for rational worldly comfort.

So, then, if I am permitted to be a little prosy and didactic upon so interesting a subject as this, I must say, that parents are likely to be in the right in discouraging their daughters from marrying for love, unless the love be backed by something more substantial and suitable to natural wants and station in life, which, I am sorry to say, is but seldom the case ; for, in reality, as the Italians express it,

In anzi il maritare,
Abbi l'habitare ;

We shall also find similar cautions handed down, if we consult the proverbs of other countries. Thus the Scots proverb saith,

A wee house has a mickle mouth ;

and that all married people know ; so, though love and a cottage is all very pretty to talk about, yet, when poverty comes in at the door, love is exceedingly apt to fly out at the window ; and both the Italians and Spaniards have a proverb, which is also appropriated by the English which saith,

Who marrieth for love, hath good nights and sorry days ;
because, as the Scots proverb chooses to put the matter,

A kiss and a drink of water is but a wersh breakfast.

Indeed, this sort of leanness in worldly substance, so far from being fat-tened by mere love, is very apt, from the frailty of human nature, to degenerate into very unpleasant feelings ; as may be ascertained from twenty different quarters, for really love cannot stand an empty stomach, and does not at all thrive under worldly contempt ; and accordingly the Scots, who are very picturesque in their proverbs, say,

Toom (*i. e.* empty) cribs make biting horses.

an exceedingly wholesome parable, and full of instruction to young lovers. And so the Spaniards further say, as rhymed in English,

Before thou marry,
Be sure of a house wherein to tarry.

Again, as to the choice of a husband, it is no easy matter to give advice, seeing how little it comes in the way of many worthy and well-looking young ladies to have an opportunity of much selection. Of all places, also, London is the worst for getting a husband; for there the nature of society is such, that it is almost a dead impossibility. How this comes about, is too wide a subject for me to enter upon at this present sitting, but I may return to it again. In the meantime, I would not have sweet, sensible, handsome young ladies, to jump at every fellow who makes decided advances, or that even has the courage to pop the question; for truly, to my certain knowledge, there are many of them that are no great catch, get them who will; and it would be much better to run the risk of dying an old maid, and taking to a tender friendship for the cat, than to take a ring from the hands of many a fellow that is going. It is not for me to speak evil of the lords of the creation, seeing that I am one of those lords myself; but really there are many of all sorts of lords that are no better than they ought to be; and sorry would I be to see my daughter (if I had one) tied to such as they. They are, therefore, good and sensible proverbs that say—

Better be alone than in ill company.

and

Better an empty house than a bad tenant;

because of all things that are easiest to do and hardest to undo, is marriage; and, as another proverb has it,

You may soon tie a knot with your tongue, that you can never loose with your teeth;

and, as the Scots proverb goes,

It's o'er late to jouk (stoop) when the head's off,

or

It's o'er late to cast the anchor when the ship's on the rock;

so, as the other saying has it,

Better to sit still, than to rise and get a fall,

or even

Lean liberty is better than fat slavery.

At all events, in all matters, it is easier to avoid the thing at first, than to get free of it when too late, or, as the Scots saw saith,

Better to keep the de'il without the door, than drive him out of the house.

As for the choice of a man with whom you are to spend the whole of your life, I have not room to tell you all that I would say; but it is a good advice of the proverb, if it could by any means be accomplished,—

If you would know a man, eat a peck of salt with him;

which would imply a good time's acquaintance with the gentleman,—a thing that is hardly conformable with Gretna Green marriages. As to the qualities of him you would make your husband, it is not for me to suggest on so nice a point; besides, saith another proverb,

A woman's because is no reason;

and when a woman takes a fancy, either for or against a man, you might as well sing sonnets to a mile-stone, as try to convince her to the contrary, or to open her eyes to cool good sense, at least in the majority of cases. Nevertheless, he ought to be more than only what his tailor makes him, and be good for more than merely to please the lady's eye during the honey-moon; for, saith the Scots proverb,

Their belongs mair to a' plowman than whistling;

which I take to be good sense, and very instructive to thoughtless maidens. All these considerations, however, and many more than I have time to urge, show very plainly that it is far from every man who wears a hat on his head, that is capable of making a virtuous girl happy. I know that there are some who are so anxious to be called *Mistress* this, or *Lady* that, that they have no patience, but would actually say 'Yes' to the first fool that should ask them the delicate question. Now this I take to be exceedingly ill-judged, which shows how fortunate it is that young ladies have parents and guardians to take care of them; for saith the Scots proverb,

Better rue sit than rue flit,

and

They must be scarce of horse-flesh, that would ride on the dog;

and there *are* dogs, and puppies, too, going about, which fathers and mothers understand much better than young ladies. But if the young lady should think herself rather neglected compared to others, and that the time seems tedious ere she gets a house of her own, why, this is a complaint becoming so common, that one knows not what to say to it; for it is very clear that it is neither the most deserving ladies that get matches soonest, nor are the married always the most happy, however, they may flaunt it for a little while at the first: for it is a caustic old English rhyme which saith,

Marriage is like the foolish rout,
They that are out would fain be in,
And they that are in would fain be out;

and as for having patience, and all that, although it is, I grant, a teasing thing for a young lady to dress and dance, and play pianos, and look pretty, and be gallanted, and so forth, for a number of years, without getting one offer, (that can be called an offer;) yet this has happened to a great portion of the young women, ever since marriage was invented, and it is a good sensible Scots proverb, which saith,

The pedlar often opens his pack and sells nae wares,
which is really a great pity, but how can he help it;—he must just persevere.

As for the reasons why young ladies may be long of getting, what they call settled in life, as I am speaking very plainly, I will add, that nothing frightens prudent young men more than those expensive habits and showy accomplishments which I have already hinted at, and few things are more fatal to a lady getting an honest sensible match, than that high gentility that knows not which end of it is uppermost, and which knows nothing but to show off and spend good money. This is the real secret why there are so many old maids, and why parrots and poodles are so dear, and husbands so scarce; for, saith the Scots proverb,

Send your gentle blood to the market, and see what it will buy.

and send your expensive education to market, and see what it will procure you,—perhaps a governess' place, and a seat at a stranger's table, and half a dozen spoiled children to plague you to death, and make you feel acutely the misery of dependance.

Had I time, I would add a few valuable saws about, how ladies ought to comport themselves after marriage; but I can only add now, that although it is allowable for dear happy creatures to be a little intoxicated for a month or two, yet they ought to sober down and learn to walk circumspectly; for it is a sombre saying of old Ben Syra, the wise man of the east, that

The bride goes joyful to her marriage-bed, but knows not what shall happen to her;

and it is well ordered that she does not, for it is not fit that, in the bright and sunny day, the eye should be able to discern the stormy clouds afar off. However, this is not a subject to be dwelt upon here, for if it be true that, even in marriage, the lady surrenders great part of her liberty, or, as the proverb saith,

She that hath got a man, hath got a master,

it will immediately be seen how important it is to the ladies' happiness, that that master should be a man of sense; for, in any case, the lady is bound to honor and obey him to whom she has surrendered herself for life, and her happiness will be to pay faithfully her vows; for, saith Shakspeare solemnly,

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labor, both by sea and land;
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe:
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.

And so you will do well to remember this wholesome preaching. I con-

clude by a few verses describing a *virtuous woman*, written by one William Knox, an obscure poet, who died in Edinburgh, a few years ago :—

Her eye as soft and blue as even,
When day and night are calmly meeting,
Beams on my heart like light from heaven,
And purifies its beating.

The shadowy blush that tints her cheek,
For ever coming—ever going,
Many well the spotless fount bespeak,
That sets the stream a flowing.

Her song comes o'er my thrilling breast
Even like the harp-strings holiest measures,
When dreams the soul of lands of rest,
And everlasting pleasures.

Then ask not what hath changed my heart,
Or where hath fled my youthful folly—
I tell thee Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

And so doth the virtuous art and soft beauty of woman ever make holy the rugged spirit of man ; and so doth her smile solace him in sorrow, and her trembling tears melt his heart, and shape it to virtuous resolution, amidst the hardening cares and rude jostlings of the world ; and so doth the cold and lonely bachelor pant for her soothing and sobering society, as the hart panteth for the quiet and cool waters ;—and so he ought to seek to pillow his head upon her gentle bosom, and to cleave to her as a wife and an abiding friend,

Ere youth and genial years are flown,
And all the *life* of life is gone!

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.*

CUBA FISHERMAN.

It was now five in the afternoon, and the breeze continued to fall, and the sea to go down, until sunset, by which time we had run the corvette hull down, and the schooner nearly out of sight. Right a-head of us rose the high land of Cuba, to the westward of Cape Maisé, clear and well-defined against the northern sky, and as we neither hauled our wind to weather the east end of the island, nor edged away for St. Jago, it was evident, beyond all doubt, that we were running right in for some one of the piratical haunts on the Cuba coast.

The crew now set to work, and removed the remains of their late mess-mate, and the two wounded men, from where they lay upon the ballast in the run, to their own berth forward in the bows of the little vessel ; they then replaced the planks which had been started, and arranged the dead

*Continued from p. 508, vol. 3d.

body of the mate along the cabin floor, close to where I lay, faint and bleeding, and more heavily bruised than I had at first thought.

The captain was still at the helm; he had never spoken a word either to me or any of the crew, since he had taken the trifling liberty of shooting me through the neck, and no thanks to him that the wound was not mortal; but he now resumed his American accent, and began to drawl out the necessary orders for repairing damages.

When I went on deck shortly afterwards, I was surprised beyond measure to perceive the injury the little vessel had sustained, and the uncommon speed, handiness, and skill, with which it had been repaired. However lazily the command might appear to have been given, the execution of it was quick as lightning. The crew, now reduced to ten working hands, had, with an almost miraculous promptitude, knotted and spliced the rigging, mended and shifted sails, fished the sprung and wounded spars, and plugged and nailed lead over the shot-holes, and all within half an hour. I don't like Americans; I never did, and never shall like them; I have seldom or never met with an American gentleman; I have no wish to eat with them, drink with them, deal with, or consort with them in any way; but let me tell the whole truth, *nor fight* with them, were it not for the laurels to be acquired, by overcoming an enemy so brave, determined, and alert, and every way so worthy of one's steel, as they have always proved. One used to fight with a Frenchman, as a matter of course, and for the fun of the thing as it were, never dreaming of the possibility of Johnny Crapeau eating us, where there was anything approaching to an equality of force; but, say as much as we please about larger ships, and more men, and a variety of excuses which proud John Bull, with some truth very often I will admit, has pertinaciously thrust forward to palliate his losses during the short war, a regard for truth and fair dealing, which I hope are no scarce qualities amongst British seamen, compels me to admit, that although I would of course peril my life and credit more readily with an English crew, yet I believe a feather would turn the scale between the two countries, so far as courage and seamanship goes; and let it not be forgotten, although we have now regained our superiority in this respect, yet, in gunnery, and small-arm practice, we were as thoroughly weathered on by the Americans during the war, as we overtopped them in the bull-dog courage, with which our boarders handled those genuine English weapons, the cutlass and the pike.

After the captain had given his orders, and seen the men fairly at work, he came down to the cabin, still ghastly and pale, but with none of that ferocity stamped on his grim features, from the outpouring of which I had suffered so severely. He never once looked my way, no more than if I had been a bundle of old junk; but folding his hands on his knees, he sat down on a small locker, against which the feet of the dead mate rested, and gazed earnestly on his face, which was immediately under the open skylight, through which, by this time, the clear cold rays of the moon streamed full on it, the short twilight having already fled, chained as it is in these climates to the chariot-wheels of the burning sun. My eye naturally followed his, but I speedily withdrew it. I had often bent over comrades who had been killed by gun-shot wounds, and always remarked what is well known, that the features were a benign expression, bland, and gentle, and contented as the face of a sleeping infant, while their limbs were composed decently, often gracefully, like one resting after great fatigue, as if nature, like an affectionate nurse, had arranged the death-bed of her

departing child with more than usual care, preparatory to his last long sleep. Whereas, those who had died from the thrust of a pike, or the blow of a cutlass, however mild the living expression of their countenance might have been, were always fearfully contorted both in body and face.

In the present instance, the eyes were wide open, white, prominent, and glazed like those of a dead fish; the hair, which was remarkably fine, and had been worn in long ringlets, amongst which a large gold ear-ring glittered, the poor fellow having been a nautical dandy of the first water, was drenched and clotted into heavy masses with the death-sweat, and had fallen back on the deck from his forehead, which was well formed, high, broad and massive. His nose was transparent, thin, and sharp, the tense skin on the bridge of it glancing in the silver light, as if it had been glass. His mouth was puckered on one side into angular wrinkles, like a curtain drawn up awry, while a clotted stream of black gore crept from it sluggishly down his right cheek, and coagulated in a heap on the deck. His lower jaw had fallen, and there he lay agape with his mouth full of blood.

His legs, indeed his whole body below his loins, where the fracture of the spine had taken place, rested precisely as they had been arfanged after he died; but the excessive swelling and puffing out of his broad chest, contrasted shockingly with the shrinking of the body at the pit of the stomach, by which the arch of the ribs was left as well defined as if the skin had been drawn over a skeleton, and the distortion of the muscles of the cheeks and throat evinced the fearful strength of the convulsions which had preceded his dissolution. It was evident, indeed, that throughout his whole person above the waist, the nervous system had been utterly shattered; the arms especially, appeared to have been awfully distorted, for when crossed on his breast, they had to be forcibly fastened down at the wrists by a band of spun-yarn to the buttons of his jacket. His right hand was shut, with the exception of the fore-finger, which was extended, pointing upwards; but the whole arm, from the shoulder down, had the horrible appearance of struggling to get free from the cord which confined it.

Obed, by the time I had noticed all this, had knelt beside the shoulder of the corpse, and I could see by the moonlight that flickered across his face as the vessel rolled in the declining breeze, that he had pushed off his eye, the uncouth spyglass which he had fastened over it during the chase, so that it now stood out from the middle of his forehead like a stunted horn; but, in truth, 'it was not exalted,' for he appeared crushed down to the very earth by the sadness of the scene before him, and I noticed the frequent sparkle of a heavy tear as it fell from his iron visage on the face of the dead man. At length he untied the string that fastened the eye-glass round his head, and taking a coarse towel from a locker, he spunged poor Paul's face and neck with rum, and then fastened up his lower jaw with the lanyard. Having performed this melancholy office, the poor fellow's feelings could no longer be restrained by my presence.

'God help me, I have not now one friend in the wide world. When I had neither home, nor food, nor clothing, he sheltered me, and fed me, and clothed me, when a single word would have gained him five hundred dollars, and run me up to the fore yard-arm in a wreath of white smoke; but he was true as steel; and oh that he was now doing for me what I have done for him! who would have moaned over me, me, who am now without wife or child, and have disgraced all my kin! alack-a-day, alack-a-day!'—And he sobbed and wept aloud, as if his very heart would have burst in twain.

'But I will soon follow you, Paul, I have had my warning already; I know

it, and I believe it.' At this instant the dead hand of the mate burst the ligature that kept it down across his body, and slowly rose up and remained in a beckoning attitude.

I was seized with a cold shivering from head to foot, and would have shrieked aloud, had it not been for very shame, but Obed was unmoved. 'I know it, Paul. I know it. I am ready, and I shall not be long behind you.' He fastened the arm down once more, and having called a couple of hands to assist him, they lashed up the remains of their shipmate in his hammock, with a piece of iron ballast at his feet, and then, without more ado, handed the body up through the skylight; and I heard the heavy splash as they cast it into the sea. When this was done, the captain returned to the cabin, bringing a light with him, filled and drank off a glass of strong grog. Yet he did not even now deign to notice me, which was by no means soothing; and I found, that since he would not speak, I must, at all hazards.

'I say, Obed, do you ever read your Bible?' He looked steadily at me with his lacklustre eyes. 'Because, if you do, you may perhaps have fallen in with some such passages as the following:—"Behold I am in your hand; but know ye for certain, that if ye put me to death ye shall surely bring innocent blood upon yourselves."'

'It is true, Mr. Cringle, I feel the truth of it here,' and he laid his large bony hand on his heart. 'Yet I do not ask you to forgive me; I don't expect that you can or will; but unless the devil gets possession of me again—which, so sure as ever there was a demoniac in this world, he had this afternoon when you so tempted me—I hope soon to place you in safety, either in a friendly port, or on board of a British vessel, and then what becomes of me is of little consequence, now since the only living soul who cared a dollar for me is at rest amongst the coral branches at the bottom of the deep green sea.'

'Why, man,' rejoined I, 'leave off this stuff; something has turned your brain, surely; people must die in their beds, you know, if they be not shot, or put out of the way somehow or other; and as for my small affair, why I forgive you, man—from my heart I forgive you; were it only for the oddity of your scantling, mental and corporeal, I would do so; and you see I am not much hurt,—so lend me a hand, like a good fellow, to wash the wound with a little spirits—it will stop the bleeding, and the stiffness will soon go off—so'—

'Lieutenant Cringle, I need not tell what I know you have found out, that I am *not* the vulgar Yankee smuggler, fit only to be made a butt of by you and your friends, that you no doubt at first took me for; but who or what I am, or what I may have been, you shall never know—but I will tell you this much'—

'Devil confound the fellow!—why this is too much upon the brogue, Obed. Will you help me to dress my wound, man, and leave off your cursed sentimental speeches, which you must have gleaned from some old novel or another? I'll hear it all by and by.'

At this period I was a reckless young chap, with strong nerves, and my own share of that animal courage, which generally oozes out at one's finger ends when one gets married and turned of thirty; nevertheless I did watch with some anxiety the effect which my unceremonious interruption was to have upon him. I was agreeably surprised to find that he took it all in good part, and set himself, with great alacrity and kindness even, to put me to rights, and so successfully, that when I was washed and cleansed, and

fairly coopered up, I found myself quite able to take my place at the table; and having no fear of the College of Surgeons before my eyes, I helped myself to a little of the needful, and in the plenitude of my heart, I asked Obed's pardon for my ill-bred interruption.

'It was not quite the thing to cut you short in the middle of your Newgate Calendar, Obed—beg pardon, your story, I mean; no offence now, none in the world—eh? But where the deuce, man, got you this fine linen of Egypt?' looking at the sleeves of the shirt Obed had obliged me with, as I sat without my coat. 'I had not dreamt you had anything so luxurious in your kit.'

I saw his brow begin to lower again, so the devil prompted me to advert, by way of changing the subject, to a file of newspapers, which, as it turned out, might have proved to be by far the most dangerous topic I could have hit upon. He had laid them aside, having taken them out of the locker when he was rummaging for the linen. 'What have we here?—Kingston Chronicle, Montego Bay Gazette, Falmouth Advertiser. A great news-monger you must be. What arrivals?—let me see;—you know I am a week from head-quarters. Let me see.'

At first he made a motion as if he would have snatched them out of my hands, but speedily appeared to give up the idea, merely murmuring—'What can it signify now?'

I continued to read—"Chanticleer from a cruise—Tonnant from Barbadoes—Pipe from Port-au-Prince, Oh, the next interests me—the Firebrand is daily expected from Havanna; she is to come through the gulf, round Cape Antonio, and beat up the haunts of the pirates all along the Cuba shore." I was certain *now* that at the mention of this corvette mine host winced in earnest. This made me anxious to probe him farther. 'Why, what means this pencil mark—' Firebrand's number off the Chesapeake was 1022?' 'How the deuce, my fine fellow, do you know that?'

He shook his head, but said nothing, and I went on reading the pencil memoranda—"But this is most probably changed; she now carries a red cross in the head of her foresail, and has very short lower masts, like the Hornet." Still he made me no answer. I proceeded—"Stop, let me see what merchant ships are about sailing. "Loading for Liverpool, the John Glandstone, Peter Ponderous, master;" and after it, again in pencil—"Only sugar; goes through the gulf."—"Only sugar," said I, still fishing; "too bulky, I suppose."—"Ariel, Jenkins, Whitehaven;" remark—"sugar, coffee, and logwood. Nuestra Senora de los Dolores, to sail for Chagres on 7th proximo;" remark—"rich cargo of bale goods, but no chance of overtaking her."—"El Rayo to sail for St. Jago de Cuba on the 10th proximo;" remark—"sails fast; armed with a long gun, and musketry; thirty hands; about ten Spanish passengers; valuable cargo of dry goods; main-mast rakes well aft; new cloth in the foresail about half way up; will be off the Moro about the 13th."—"And what is this written in ink under the above?"—"The San Pedro from Chagres, and Marianita from Santa Martha, although rich, have both got convoy." "Ah, too strong for your friends, Obed—I see, I see."—"Francis Baring, Loam French, master"—"an odd name, rather, for a skipper; remark—"forty seroons of cochineal and some specie; is to sail from Morant Bay on 5th proximo, to go through the windward passage; may be expected off Cape St. Nicolas on the 12th or thereby." I laid down the paper, and looked him full in the face. 'Nicolas is an ominous name. I fear the good ship Francis Baring will find it so. Some of the worthy saint's clerks to be fallen in with off the Mole, eh? Don't you think as I do, Obed?' Still silent. 'Why, you seem to take great delight in noting the intended de-

partures and expected arrivals, my friend—merely to satisfy your curiosity, of course; but, to come to close quarters with you, captain, I now know pretty well the object of your visiting Jamaica now and then,—you are indeed no vulgar smuggler.

‘It is well for you, and good for myself, Mr. Cringle, that something weighs heavy at my heart at this moment, and that there is that about you which, notwithstanding your ill-timed jesting, commands my respect, and engages my good-will—had it not been so, you would have been alongside of poor Paul at this moment.’ He leant his arms upon the table, and gazed intensely on my face as he continued in a solemn tremulous tone—‘Do you believe in auguries, Mr. Cringle? Do you believe that “coming events cast their shadows before?”—Oh, that little Wiggy Campbell had been beside me to have seen the figure and face of the man who now quoted him!—‘Yes, I do, it is part of the creed of every sailor to do so; I do believe that people have had forewarning of peril to themselves or their friends.’

‘Then what do you think of the mate beckoning me with his dead hand to follow him?’

‘Why, you are raving, Obed; you saw that he had been much convulsed, and that the limb, from contraction of the sinews, was forcibly kept down in the position it broke loose from—the spunyarn gave way and of course it started up—nothing wonderful in all this, although it did at the time somewhat startle me, I confess.’

‘It may be so, it may be so. I don’t know,’ rejoined he, ‘but taken along with what I saw before’—

Here his voice sank into so hollow and sepulchral a tone as to be almost unintelligible. ‘But there is no use in arguing on the subject. Answer me this, Lieutenant Cringle, and truly, so help you God, at your utmost need, *did the mate leave the cabin at any moment after I was wounded by the splinter?*’ And he seized one of my hands convulsively with his iron paw, while he pointed up through the open scuttle towards heaven with the other, which trembled like a reed. The moon shone strong on the upper part of his countenance, while the yellow smoky glare of the candle over which he bent, blending harshly and unharmoniously with the pale silver light, fell full on his uncouth figure, and on his long scraggy bare neck, and chin, and cheeks, giving altogether a most unearthly expression to his savage features, from the conflicting tints and changing shadows cast by the flickering moonbeams streaming fitfully through the skylight, as the vessel rolled to and fro, and by the large torchlike candle as it wavered in the night wind. The Prince of the Powers of the Air might have sat for his picture by proxy. It was just such a face as one has dreamed of after a hot supper and cold ale, when the whisky had been forgotten—horrible, changing, vague, glimmering, and undefined; and as if something was still wanting to complete the utter frightfulness of his aspect, the splinter wound in his head burst out afresh from his violent agitation, and streamed down in heavy drops from his forehead, falling warm on my hand. I was much shaken at being adjured in this tremendous way, *with the hot blood glewing our hands together*, but I returned his grasp as steadily as I could, while I replied, with all the composure he had left me, and that would not have quite filled a Winchester bushel,—

‘*He never left my side from the time he offered to take your place after you had been wounded.*’ He fell back against the locker as if he had been shot through the heart. His grasp relaxed, he drew his breath very hard, and I thought he had fainted.

'Then it was *not* him that stood by me ; I thought it *might* have been him, but I was a fool, it was impossible.'

He made a desperate effort to recover his composure, and succeeded. — 'And, pray, Master Obediah,' quoth I, '*what did you see?*' He answered me sharply—'Never mind, never mind—here, Potomac, lend us a hand to sling a cot for this gentleman; there now, see the lanyard is sound, and the lacing all tight and snug—now put that mattress into it, and there is linen in the chest.' In a trice my couch was rigged, all comfortable, snow-white linen, nice pillow, soft mattress, &c., and Obed, filling me another tumbler, helped himself also; he then drank to my health, wished me a sound sleep, promised to call me at day-light, and as he left the cabin he said, 'Mr. Cringle, had it been my object to have injured you, I would not have waited until now. You are quite safe so far as depends on me, so take your rest—good night, once more.' I tumbled into bed, and never once opened my eyes until Obed called me at day-light, that is, at five in the morning, according to his promise.

By this time we were well in with the Cuba shore; the land might be two miles from us, as we could see the white surf. Out at sea, although all around was clear as crystal, there was nothing to be seen of the Glean or Firebrand, but there were ten or twelve fishing canoes, each manned with from four to six hands, close aboard of us;—we seemed to have got becalmed in the middle of a small fleet of them. The nearest to us hailed in Spanish, in a very friendly way,—'*Como estamos Capitan, que hay de nuevo; hay algo de bueno, para los pobres Pescadores?*' and the fellow who had spoken laughed loudly. The Captain desired him to come on board, and then drew him aside, conversing earnestly with him. The Spanish fisherman was a very powerful man; he was equipped in a blue cotton shirt, Osnaburg trowsers, sandals of untanned bullock's hide, a straw hat, and wore the eternal greasy red sash and long knife. He was a bold, daring-looking fellow, and frequently looked frowningly on me, and shook his head impatiently, while the Captain, as it seemed, was explaining to him who I was. Just in this nick of time my friend Potomac handed up my uniform coat. I had previously been performing my ablutions on deck in my shirt and trowsers, which I put on, swab and all, thinking no harm. But there must have been mighty great offence nevertheless, for the fisherman, in a twinkling, casting a fierce look at me, jumped overboard like a feather, clearing the rail like a flying fish, and swam to his canoe, that had shoved off a few paces.

When he got on board he stood up and shook his clenched fist at Obed, shouting, '*Picaro, Traidor, Ingleses hay abordo, quieres engararnos!*' He then held up the blade of his paddle, a signal which all the canoes answered in a moment in the same manner, and then pulled towards the land from whence a felucca, invisible until that moment, now swept out, as if she had floated up to the surface by magic, for I could see neither creek, nor indentation on the shore, nor the smallest symptom of an entrance to a port or cove. For a few minutes the canoes clustered round this necromantic craft, and I could notice that two or three hands from each of them jumped on board; they then paddled off in a string, and vanished one by one amongst the mangrove bushes as suddenly as the felucca had appeared. All this puzzled me exceedingly—I looked at Obed—he was evidently sorely perplexed. 'I had thought to have put you on board a British vessel before this, or failing that, to have run down, and landed you at St. Jago, Mr. Cringle, as I promised, but you see I am prevented by these *honest* men there; get below, and as you value your life, and, I may say, mine

keep your temper, and be civil.' I did as he suggested, but peeped out of the cabin skylight to see what was going on, notwithstanding. The felucca I could see was armed with a heavy carronade on a pivot, and as full of men as she could hold, fierce, half-naked, savage-looking fellows, as one could desire to see—she swept rapidly up to us, and closing on our larboard quarter, threw about five-and-twenty of her genteel young people on board, who immediately secured the crew, and seized Obed. However, they, that is, the common sailors, seemed to have no great stomach for the job, and had it not been for the fellow I had frightened overboard, I don't think one of them would have touched him. Obed bore all this with great equanimity.

'Why, Francisco,' he said, to this personage, in good Spanish, 'why, what madness is this? your suspicions are groundless; it is as I tell you, he is my prisoner, and whatever he may have been to me, he can be no spy on you.'

'Cuchillo entonces, was the savage reply.

'No, no,' persisted Obediah, 'get cool, man, get cool, I am pledged that no harm shall come to him; and farther, I have promised to put him ashore at St. Jago, and I *will* be as good as my word.'

'You can't if you would,' rejoined Francisco; 'the Snake is at anchor under the Moro.'

'Then he must go with us.'

'We shall see as to that,' said the other; then raising his voice, he shouted to his ragamuffins, 'Comrades, we are betrayed; there is an English officer on board, who can be nothing but a spy; follow me!'

And he dashed down the companion ladder, knife in hand, while I sprung through the small scuttle, like a rat out of one hole when a ferret is put in at the other, and crept as close to Obed as I could; Francisco, when he missed me came on deck again. The captain had now seized a cutlass in one hand, and held a cocked pistol in the other. It appeared he had greater control, the nature of which I now began to comprehend, over the felucca's people, than Francisco bargained for, as the moment the latter went below, they released him, and went forward in a body. My persecutor again advanced close up to me, and seized me by the collar with one hand, and tried to drag me forward, brandishing his naked knife aloft in the other.

Obed promptly caught his sword-arm—'Francisco,' he exclaimed, still in Spanish, 'fool, madman, let go your hold! let go, or by the Heaven above us, and the hell we are both hastening to, I will strike you dead!'

The man paused, and looked round to his own people, and seeing one or two encouraging glances and gestures amongst them, he again attempted to drag me away from my hold on the tafferel. Something flashed in the sun, and the man fell! His left arm, the hand of which still clutched my throat, while mine grasped its waist, had been shred from his body by Obed's cutlass, like a twig, and, oh God, my blood curdles to my heart, even now, when I think of it, the dead fingers kept the grasp sufficiently long to allow the arm to fall heavily against my side, where it hung for some seconds, until the muscles relaxed and it dropped on the deck. The instant that Obed struck the blow, he caught hold of my hand, threw away his cutlass, and advanced towards the group of the felucca's men, pistol in hand.

'Am I not your captain, ye cowards—have I ever deceived you yet—have I ever flinched from heading you where the danger was greatest—have you not all that I am worth in your hands, and will you murder me now?'

'Viva, el noble Capitan, viva!'

And the tide turned as rapidly in our favor as it had lately ebbed against us.

'As for that scoundrel, he has got no more than he deserves,' said he, turning to where Francisco lay, bleeding like a carcass in the shambles; 'but tie up his arm some of ye, I would be sorry he bled to death.'

It was unavailing, the large arteries had emptied his whole life blood—he had already gone to his account. This most miserable transaction with all its concomitant horrors, to my astonishment, did not seem to make much impression on Obed, who now turning to me, said, with perfect composure,—

'You have there another melancholy voucher for my sincerity,' pointing to the body; 'but time presses, and you must now submit to be blindfolded, and that without further explanation at present.'

I did so with the best grace I could, and was led below, where two beauties, with loaded pistols, and a drawn knife each, obliged me with their society one seated on each side of me on the small locker, like two deputy butchers ready to operate on an unfortunate veal. It had now fallen dead calm, and, from what I heard, I conjectured that the felucca was sweeping in towards the land with us in tow, for the sound of the surf grew louder and louder. By and bye we seemed to slide beyond the long smooth swell into broken water, for the little vessel pitched sharp and suddenly, and again all was still, and we seemed to have sailed into some land-locked cove. From the loud echo of the voices on deck, I judged that we were in a narrow canal, the banks of which were reflecting the sound; presently this ceased, and although we skimmed along as motionless as before, I no longer heard the splash of the felucca's sweeps; the roar of the sea gradually sank in the distance, until it sounded like thunder, and I thought we touched the ground now and then, although slightly. All at once the Spanish part of the crew, for we still had a number of the felucca's people with us, sang out 'Palanka,' and we began to pole along a narrow marshy lagoon, coming so near the shore occasionally, that our sides were brushed by the branches of the mangrove bushes. Again the channel seemed to widen, and I could hear the felucca once more ply her sweeps. In about ten minutes after this the anchor was let go, and for a quarter of an hour, nothing was heard on deck but the bustle of the people furling sails, coiling down the ropes, and getting everything in order, as is usual in coming into port. It was evident that several boats had boarded us soon after we anchored, as I could make out part of the greetings between the strangers and Obed, in which my own name recurred more than once. In a little while all was still again, and Obed called down the companion to my guards, that I might come on deck; a boon I was not long in availing myself of. We were anchored nearly in the centre of a shallow swampy lagoon, about a mile across, as near as I could judge; two very large schooners, heavily armed, were moored a-head of us, one on each bow, and another rather smaller lay close under our stern; they all had sails bent, and everything, apparently, in high order, and were full of men. The shore, to the distance of a bow-shot from the water all around us, was low, marshy, and covered with an impervious jungle of thick, strong reeds and wild canes, with here and there a thicket of mangroves; a little farther off the land swelled into lofty hills covered to the very summit with heavy timber, but everything had a moist, green, steamy appearance, as if it had been the region of perpetual rain. 'Lots of yellow fever here,' thought I, as the heavy rank smell of decayed vegetable mat-

ter came off, on the faint sickly breeze, and the sluggish fog banks crept along the dull clay-colored motionless surface of the tepid water. The sea view was quite shut out—I looked all round and could discern no vestige of the entrance. Right ahead there was about a furlong of land cleared at the only spot which one could call a beach, that is, a hard shore of sand and pebbles. Had you tried to get ashore at any other point, your fate would have been that of the Master of Ravenswood; as fatal, that is, without the gentility; for you would have been suffocated in black mud, in place of clean sea-sand. There was a long shed in the centre of this cleared spot, covered in with boards, and thatched with palm leaves; it was open below, a sort of capstan-house, where a vast quantity of sails, anchors, cordage, and most kinds of sea-stores were stowed, carefully covered over with tarpauling. Overhead there was a flooring laid along the couples of the roof, the whole length of the shed, forming a loft of nearly sixty feet long, divided by bulkheads into a variety of apartments, lit by small rude windows in the thatch, where the crews of the vessels, I concluded, were occasionally lodged during the time they might be under repair. The boat was manned, and Obed took me ashore with him. We landed near the shed I have described, beneath which we encountered about forty of the most uncouth and ferocious-looking rascals that my eyes had ever been blessed withal; they were of every shade, from the woolly Negro and long-haired Indian, to the sallow American and fair Biscayan; and as they intermitted their various occupations of mending sails, fitting and stretching rigging, splicing ropes, making spun-yarn, coopering gun-carriages, grinding pikes and cutlasses, and filling cartridges, to look at me, then grinned and nodded to each other, and made sundry signs and gestures, which made me regret many a past peccadillo that in more prosperous times I little thought on or repented of, and I internally prayed that I might be prepared to die as become a man, for my fate appeared to be sealed. The only ray of hope that shot into my mind, through all this gloom, came from the respect the thieves, one and all, paid the captain; and, as I had reaped the benefit of assuming an outward recklessness and daring which I really did not at heart possess, I screwed myself up to maintain the same port still, and swaggered along, jabbering in my broken Spanish, right and left, and jesting even with the most infamous-looking scoundrels of the whole lot, while, God he knows, my heart was palpitating like a girl's when she is asked to be married. Obed led the way up a ladder into the loft, where we found several messes at dinner, and passing through several rooms, in which a number of hammocks were slung, we at length arrived at the eastern end, which was boarded off into a room eighteen or twenty feet square, lighted by a small port-hole in the end, about ten feet from the ground. I could see several huts from the window, built just on the edge of the high wood, where some of the country people seemed to be moving about, and round which a large flock of pigs and twenty to thirty bullocks were grazing. All beyond, as far as the eye could reach, was one continuous forest, without any vestige of a living thing; not even a thin wreath of blue smoke evinced the presence of a fellow-creature; I seemed to be helplessly cut off from all succor, and my heart again-died within me.

‘I am sorry to say you must consider yourself a prisoner here for a few days,’ said Obed.

I could only groan

'But the moment the coast is clear, I will be as good as my word, and land you at St. Jago.'

I groaned again. The man was moved.

'I would, I could do so sooner,' he continued; 'but you see by how precarious a tenure I hold my control over these people; therefore I must be cautious for your sake as well as my own, or they would make little of murdering both of us, especially as the fellow who would have cut your throat this morning, has many friends amongst them; above all I dare not leave them for any purpose for some days. I must recover my seat, in which, by the necessary severity you witnessed, I have been somewhat shaken. So good-by; there is cold meat in that locker, and some claret to wash it down with. Don't, I again warn you, venture out during the afternoon or night. I will be with you betimes in the morning. So good-by so long. Your cot, you see, is ready slung.'

He turned to depart, when, as if recollecting himself, he stooped down, and taking hold of a ring, he lifted up a trap-door, from which there was a ladder leading down to the capstan-house.

'I had forgotten this entrance; it will be more convenient for me in my visits.'

In my heart I believe he intended this as a hint, that I should escape through the hole at some quiet opportunity; and he was descending the ladder, when he stopped and looked round, greatly mortified, as it struck me.

'I forgot to mention that a sentry has been placed, I don't know by whose orders, at the foot of the ladder, to whom I must give orders to fire at you, if you venture to descend. You see how the land lies; I can't help it.'

This was spoken in a low tone, then aloud—'There are books on that shelf behind the canvass screen; if you can settle to them, they may amuse you.'

He left me, and I sat down disconsolate enough. I found some Spanish books, and a volume of Lord Byron's poetry, containing the first canto of Childe Harold, two Numbers of Blackwood, with several other English books and magazines, *the names of the owners on all of them being carefully erased.*

But there was nothing else that indicated the marauding life of friend Obediah, whose apartment I conjectured was now my prison, if I except a pretty extensive assortment of arms, pistols, and cutlasses, and a range of massive cases, with iron clamps, which were ranged along one side of the room. I paid my respects to the provender and claret; the hashed chicken was particularly good; bones rather large or so, but flesh white and delicate. Had I known that I was dining upon a guana, or large wood lizard, I scarcely think I would have made so hearty a meal. Long cork, No. 2, followed ditto, No. 1; and as the shades of evening, as poets say, began to fall by the time I had finished it, I toppled quietly into my cot, said my prayers such as they were, and fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON, BY
THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. NO. 1.

—————"Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

* * Our readers will recollect those letters in the second volume of Moore's *Byron*, addressed to Lady B——, which confer such additional value on that work. The whole of the journal, in which those letters, given by Lady B—— to Mr. Moore, were entered, (and which journal was never shown to Mr. Moore, nor indeed till now confided to any one,) is in our hands, and will appear, from time to time, in the *New Monthly*, till concluded. It is full of the most varied interest, and we believe that it will be found to convey at least as natural and unexaggerated an account of Lord Byron's character as has yet been presented to the public. For the opinions on men and things professed by Lord Byron, neither ourselves nor the narrator can, of course, be answerable. His character and his mind ought to be public property, and every sound judgment must allow that we have no right to follow our inclination alone in the omission of passages that may hurt the vanity of individuals. Papers of this sort are a trust not for individuals—but for the public—if there is complaisance on the one hand, there is justice on the other: if it be desirable that Byron's real opinions should be known, we are not to stifle them because they are severe, or because they are erroneous. As about no man was there more juggling mystification, so about no man ought there now to be plainer truth-telling. To clip—to garble—to conceal his sentiments upon others—unless with almost religious caution—is in reality to disguise his character—and again to delude the world.

Genoa, April 1st, 1823.—Saw Lord Byron for the first time. The impression of the first few minutes disappointed me, as I had, both from the portraits and descriptions given, conceived a different idea of him. I had fancied him taller, with a more dignified and commanding air; and I looked in vain for the hero-looking sort of person with whom I had so long identified him in imagination. His appearance is, however, highly prepossessing; his head is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble: his eyes are grey and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other; the nose is large and well shaped, but from being a little *too thick*, it looks better in profile than in front-face: his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending; the lips full, and finely cut. In speaking, he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even; but I observed that even in his smile—and he smiles frequently—there is something of a scornful expression in his mouth that is evidently natural, and not, as many suppose, affected. This particularly struck me. His chin is large and well shaped, and finishes well the oval of his face. He is extremely thin, indeed so much so, that his figure has almost a boyish air; his face is peculiarly pale, but not the paleness of ill-health, as its character is that of fairness, the fairness of a dark-haired person—and his hair (which is getting rapidly grey) is of a very dark brown, and curls naturally: he uses a good deal of oil in it, which makes it look still darker. His countenance is full of expression, and changes

with the subject of conversation ; it gains on the beholder the more it is seen, and leaves an agreeable impression. I should say that melancholy was its prevailing character, as I observed that when any observation elicited a smile—and they were many, as the conversation was gay and playful—it appeared to linger but for a moment on his lip, which instantly resumed its former expression of seriousness. His whole appearance is remarkably gentlemanlike, and he owes nothing of this to his toilette, as his coat appears to have been many years made, is much too large—and all his garments convey the idea of having been purchased ready-made, so ill do they fit him. There is a *gaucherie* in his movements, which evidently proceeds from the perpetual consciousness of his lameness, that appears to haunt him ; for he tries to conceal his foot when seated, and when walking, has a nervous rapidity in his manner. He is very slightly lame, and the deformity of his foot is so little remarkable that I am not now aware which foot it is. His voice and accent are peculiarly agreeable, but effeminate—clear, harmonious, and so distinct, that though his general tone in speaking is rather low than high, not a word is lost. His manners are as unlike my pre-conceived notions of them as is his appearance. I had expected to find him a dignified, cold, reserved, and haughty person, resembling those mysterious personages he so loves to paint in his works, and with whom he has been so often identified by the good-natured world : but nothing can be more different ; for were I to point out the prominent defect of Lord Byron, I should say it was flippancy, and a total want of that natural self-possession and dignity which ought to characterise a man of birth and education.

Albaro, the village in which the Casa Saluzzo, where he lives, is situated, is about a mile and a half distant from Genoa ; it is a fine old chateau, commanding an extensive view, and with spacious apartments, the front looking into a court-yard and the back into the garden. The room in which Lord Byron received us was large, and plainly furnished. A small portrait of his daughter Ada, with an engraved portrait of himself, taken from one of his works, struck my eye. Observing that I remarked that of his daughter, he took it down, and seemed much gratified when I discovered the strong resemblance it bore to him. Whilst holding it in his hand, he said, 'I am told she is clever—I hope not ; and above all, I hope she is not poetical ; the price paid for such advantages, if advantages they be, is such as to make me pray that my child may escape them.'

The conversation during our first interview was chiefly about our mutual English friends, some of whom he spoke of with kind interest. T. Moore, D. Kinnaird, and Mr. E. Ellice were among those whom he most distinguished. He expressed himself greatly annoyed by the number of travelling English who pestered him with visits, the greater part of whom he had never known, or was but slightly acquainted with, which obliged him to refuse receiving any but those he particularly wished to see ; 'But,' added he, smiling, 'they avenge themselves by attacking me in every sort of way, and there is no story too

improbable for the craving appetites of our slander-loving countrymen."

Before taking leave, he proposed paying us a visit next day; and he handed me into the carriage with many flattering expressions of the pleasure our visit had procured him.

April 2nd.—We had scarcely finished our *déjeuné à la fourchette* this day, when Lord Byron was announced: he sent up two printed cards, in an envelope addressed to us, and soon followed them. He appeared still more gay and cheerful than the day before—made various inquiries about all our mutual friends in England—spoke of them with affectionate interest, mixed with a badinage in which none of their defects were spared; indeed candor obliges me to own that their little defects seemed to have made a deeper impression on his mind than their good qualities (though he allowed all the latter) by the *gusto* with which he entered into them.

He talked of our mutual friend Moore, and of his 'Lalla Rookh,' which, he said, though very beautiful, had disappointed him, adding, that Moore would go down to posterity by his *Melodies*, which were all perfect. He said that he had never been so much *affected* as on hearing Moore sing some of them, particularly 'When first I met Thee,' which, he said, made him shed tears: 'But,' added he with a look full of archness, 'it was after I had drunk a certain portion of very potent white brandy.' As he laid a peculiar stress on the word *affected*, I smiled, and the sequel of the white brandy made me smile again: he asked me the cause, and I answered that his observation reminded me of the story of a lady offering her condolence to a poor Irish woman on the death of her child, who stated that she had never been more affected than on the event; the poor woman, knowing the hollowness of the compliment, answered with all the quickness of her country, 'Sure, then, Ma'am, that is saying a great deal, for you were always affected.' Lord Byron laughed, and said my *apropos* was very wicked—but I maintained it was very just. He spoke much more warmly of Moore's social attractions as a companion, which he said were unrivalled, than of his merits as a poet.

He offered to be our cicerone in pointing out all the pretty drives and rides about Genoa; recommended riding as the only means of seeing the country, many of the fine points of view being inaccessible, except on horseback; and he praised Genoa on account of the rare advantage it possessed of having so few English, either as inhabitants or birds of passage.

I was this day again struck by the flippancy of his manner of talking of persons for whom I know he expresses, nay, for whom, I believe, he feels a regard. Something of this must have shown itself in my manner, for he laughingly observed that he was afraid he should lose my good opinion by his frankness; but that when the fit was on him he could not help saying what he thought, though he often repented it when too late.

He talked of Mr.—, from whom he had received a visit the day before, praised his looks, and the insinuating gentleness of his manners, which, he observed, lent a peculiar charm to the little tales he repeated: he said that he had given him more London scandal than he had heard since he left England: observed that he had quite talent enough to render his malice very *piquant* and amusing, and that his imitations were admirable. 'How can his mother do without him?' said Byron; 'with his *espièglerie* and malice, he must be an invaluable coadjutor; and Venus without Cupid could not be more *délaissée* than *Milady*——without this her legitimate son.'

He said that he had formerly felt very partial to Mr.—; his face was so handsome, and his countenance so ingenuous, that it was impossible not to be prepossessed in his favor; added to which, one hoped that the son of such a father could never entirely degenerate: he has, however degenerated sadly, but as he is yet young he may improve; though, to see a person of his age and *sex* so devoted to gossip and scandal, is rather discouraging to those who are interested in his welfare.

He talked of Lord——; praised his urbanity, his talents, and acquirements; but, above all, his sweetness of temper and good-nature. 'Indeed I do love Lord——,' said Byron, 'though the pity I feel for his domestic thralldom has something in it akin to contempt. Poor dear man! he is sadly bullied by *Milady*; and, what is worst of all, half her tyranny is used on the plea of kindness and taking care of his health. Hang such kindness! say I. She is certainly the most imperious, dictatorial person I know—is always *en Reine*; which, by the bye, in her peculiar position, shows tact, for she suspects that were she to quit the throne she might be driven to the anti-chamber; however, with all her faults, she is not vindictive—as a proof she never extended her favor to me until after the little episode respecting her in 'English Bards;' nay more, I suspect I owe her friendship to it. Rogers persuaded me to suppress the passage in the other editions. After all, Lady——has one merit, and a great one in my eyes, which is, that in this age of cant and humbug, and in a country—I mean our own dear England—where the cant of Virtue is the order of the day, she has contrived, without any great semblance of it, merely by force of—shall I call it impudence or courage?—not only to get herself into society, but absolutely to give the law to her own circle. She passes, also, for being clever; this, perhaps owing to my dulness, I never discovered, except that she has a way, *en Reine*, of asking questions that show some reading. The first dispute I ever had with Lady Byron was caused by my urging her to visit Lady——; and, what is odd enough,' laughing with bitterness, 'our first and last difference was caused by two very worthless women.'

Observing that we appeared surprised at the extraordinary frankness, to call it by no harsher name, with which he talked of his *ci-devant* friends, he added:—'Don't think the worse of me for

what I have said : the truth is, I have witnessed such gross egotism and want of feeling in Lady——, that I cannot resist speaking my sentiments of her.—I observed :—‘ But are you not afraid she will hear what you say of her ? ’—He answered :—‘ Were she to hear it, she would act the *amiable*, as she always does to those who attack her ; while to those who are attentive, and court her, she is insolent beyond bearing.

Having sat with us above two hours, and expressed his wishes that we might prolong our stay at Genoa, he promised to dine with us the following Thursday, and took his leave, laughingly apologising for the length of his visit, adding, that he was such a recluse, and had lived so long out of the world, that he had quite forgotten the usages of it.

He on all occasions professes a detestation of what he calls *cant* ; says it will banish from England all that is pure and good ; and that while people are looking after the shadow, they lose the substance of goodness ; he says, that the best mode left for conquering it, is to expose it to *ridicule*, the only *weapon*, added he, that the English climate cannot rust. He appears to know everything that is going on in England ; takes a great interest in the London gossip ; and while professing to read no new publications, betrays, in various ways, a perfect knowledge of every new work.

‘ April 2nd, 1823.

‘ MY DEAR LORD,

‘ I send you to-day’s (the latest) Galignani. My banker tells me, however, that his letters from Spain state, that two regiments have revolted, which is a great vex, as they say in Ireland. I shall be very glad to see your friend’s journal. He seems to have all the qualities requisite to have figured in his brother-in-law’s ancestor’s Memoirs. I did *not* think him old enough to have served in Spain, and must have expressed myself badly. On the contrary, he has all the air of a *Cupidon déchaîné*, and promises to have it for some time to come. I beg to present my respects to Lady B——, and ever am your obliged and faithful servant,

‘ NOEL BYRON.’

When Lord Byron came to dine with us on Thursday, he arrived an hour before the usual time, and appeared in good spirits. He said that he found the passages and stairs filled with people, who stared at him very much ; but he did not seem vexed at this homage, for so it certainly was meant, as the Albergo della Ville, where we resided, being filled with English, all were curious to see their distinguished countryman. He was very gay at dinner, ate of most of the dishes, expressed pleasure at partaking of a plum pudding, *à l’ Anglaise*, made by one of our English servants ; was helped twice, and observed, that he hoped he should not shock us by eating so much : ‘ But,’ added he, ‘ the truth is, that for several months I have been follow-

ing a most abstemious *regime*, living almost entirely on vegetables; and now that I see a good dinner, I cannot resist temptation, though to-morrow I shall suffer for my gormandise, as I always do when I indulge in luxuries.' He drank three glasses of champagne, saying, that as he considered it a *jour de fête*, he would eat, drink, and be merry.

He talked of Mr. ———, who was then our Minister at Genoa. 'H———' said he, 'is a thorough good-natured and hospitable man, keeps an excellent table, and is as fond of good things as I am, but has not my forbearance. I received, some time ago, a *Paté de Perigord*, and finding it excellent, I determined on sharing it with H———; but here my natural selfishness suggested that it would be wiser for me, who had so few dainties, to keep this for myself, than to give it to H———, who had so many.' After half an hour's debate between selfishness and generosity, 'which do you think' (turning to me) 'carried the point?'—I answered, 'Generosity, of course.'—'No, by Jove!' said he, 'no such thing; selfishness in this case, as in most others, triumphed; I sent the *paté* to my friend H———, because I felt another dinner off it would play the deuce with me; and so you see, after all, he owed the *paté* more to selfishness than generosity.' Seeing us smile at this, he said:—'When you know me better, you will find that I am the most selfish person in the world; I have, however, the merit, if it be one, of not only being perfectly conscious of my faults, but of never denying them; and this surely is something, in this age of cant and hypocrisy.'

The journal to which Lord Byron refers was written by one of our party, and Lord Byron having discovered its existence, and expressed a desire to peruse it, the writer confided it to him.*

'April 14th, 1823.

'MY DEAR LORD,

'I was not in the way when your note came. I have only time to thank you, and to send the Galignani's. My face is better in fact, but worse in appearance, with a very *scurvy* aspect; but I expect it to be well in a day or two. I will subscribe to the Improving Society.

'Yours in haste, but ever,

'NOEL BYRON.'

'April 22nd, 1823.

'MILOR,

'I received your billet at dinner, which was a good one—with a sprinkling of female foreigners, who, I dare say, were very agreeable. As I have formed a sullen resolution about presentations, which I never break (above once a month), I begged ——— to dispense me

* See Moore's Life, vol. ii. p. 686, 4to edition. Here also follow several letters in Moore's Byron.

from being introduced, and intrigued for myself a place as far remote as possible from his fair guests, and very near a bottle of the best wine to conform my misogyny. After coffee, I had accomplished my retreat as far as the hall, on full tilt towards your *Thé*, which I was very eager to partake of, when I was arrested by—— requesting that I would make my bow to the French Ambassadors, who it seems is a Dillon, Irish, but born or bred in America; has been pretty, and is a *blue*, and of course entitled to the homage of all persons who have been printed. I returned, and it was then too late to detain Miss P—— over the tea-urn. I beg you to accept my regrets, and present my regards to *Miledi*, and Miss P——, and Comte Alfred, and believe me ever yours,

‘NOEL BYRON.’

‘April 23d, 1823.

‘MY DEAR LORD,

‘I thank you for quizzing me and my ‘learned Thebans.’ I assure you my notions on that score are limited to getting away with a whole skin, or sleeping quietly with a broken one, in some of my old Glens where I used to dream in my former excursions. I should prefer a grey Greek stone over me to Westminster Abbey; but I doubt if I shall have the luck to die so happily. A lease of my ‘body’s length’ is all the land which I should covet in that quarter.

‘What the Honourable Dug* and his Committee may decide, I do not know, and still less what I may decide (for I am not famous for decision) for myself; but if I could do any good in any way, I should be happy to contribute thereto, and without *eclat*. I have seen enough of that in my time, to rate it at its value. I wish *you* were upon that Committee, for I think you would set them going one way or the other; at present they seem a little dormant. I dare not venture to *dine* with you to-morrow, nor indeed any day this week; for *three* days of dinners during the last seven days, have made me so head-achy and sulky, that it will take me a whole Lent to subside again in anything like independence of sensation from the pressure of materialism. * * * But I shall take my chance of finding you the first fair morning for a visit. Ever yours,

‘NOEL BYRON.’

‘May 7th, 1823.

‘MY DEAR LORD,

‘I return the poesy, which will form a new light, to lighten the Irish, and will, I hope, be duly appreciated by the public. I have not returned *Miledi*’s verses, because I am not aware of the error she mentions, and see no reason for the alteration; however, if she insists, I must be conformable. I write in haste, having a visitor.

‘Ever yours, very truly,

‘NOEL BYRON.’

* His abridgment for Douglas Kinnaird.

'May 14th, 1823.

'MY DEAR LORD,

'I avize you that the Reading Association have received numbers of English publications, which you may like to see, and as you are a Member should avail yourself of early. I have just returned my share before its time, having kept the books *one* day instead of *five*, which latter is the utmost allowance. The rules obliged me to forward it to a Monsieur G——, as next in rotation. If you have anything for England, a gentleman with some law papers of mine returns there to-morrow (Thursday), and would be happy to convey anything for you. Ever yours, and truly,

'NOEL BYRON.

'P. S. I request you to present my compliments to Lady B——, Miss P——, and C—— D——.'

MONEY.

WE have great pleasure in having it in our power to present our readers with an abstract of the very interesting *historical* notice on this subject which formed a part of the Lectures lately read by the elder Mr. Landseer at the Mechanics' Institution.

Strange as it will appear to those who are more accustomed to active life than to silent speculation, Assyria, (says Mr. Landseer,) with her immense hosts, and her spacious and magnificent cities, had *no* money—Egypt, opulent, populous, mysterious, and abundant Egypt, had no money—Ancient Persia, before the age of the first Darius, had no money—the early Hebrews, even during the most prosperous period of the age of Solomon and down to the time of Judas Maccabeus, were without money—Etruria, from first to last, was without money—Rome was without money to the time of Servius Jullius—and the Greeks of the heroic ages were equally destitute of money.

Among all those nations, gold and silver, when used in barter was weighed out by the scales; as when Abraham purchased the cave of Machpelah, he 'weighed to Ephron the silver which he had named in the audience of the sons of Heth; ' moreover, there was anciently no money in Arabia, or the riches of the Patriarch Job would not have been estimated by his camels, oxen, and she asses: and there was none in Greece down to the time of Homer, who nowhere mentions or alludes to it, but, on the contrary, by informing us, that the armor of Diomedes cost only nine oxen, while that which Glaucus generously gave in exchange for it, cost one hundred, shows that cattle, in their larger purchases, were made the current measure of value. It is from this circumstance too, of oxen and asses being at the time the ordinary and known signs of property, and current measure of value, that we find them specifically mentioned in the tenth commandment; and the virtuous prohibition of covetousness derives local intelligibility from the notoriety of the fact.

The invention of coining was not only a very curious adaptation of en-

graving to the purposes of Society, but an important event in the History of the world. It is not, however, known when or in what country money first became the substitute for cattle and unstamped bullion, as the general representative of property and the measure of value. Mr. Landseer is of opinion that the Darics, issued by the first Darius, are the oldest Persian coins that were ever minted in that empire.

There is, however, reason to believe, that Darics were not the very first coins which the world had beheld. Montesquieu is of opinion, that the Lydians first found out the art of coining money. By others, the invention is attributed to Phidon of Argos. But the arts of dye engraving, and of the mintage of money, were, no doubt, like most other arts, progressive. That ingots of bullion were in commercial use that stamps were applied to them in order to save time, and the constant reference to the scales, and that barter was thus facilitated in Western Asia for ages prior to that of Lycurgus, are not only facts very supposable and credible in themselves, but may be authenticated from the circumstance of 'stamped ingots' being alluded to in the Hebrew and Arabic versions of the book of Job. Thus it may be seen how possible it is for very numerous and extensive communities to arrive at national and commercial prosperity, and to attain popular happiness or comfort without money, without even the knowledge of that which to modern habits and to some modern philosophers appears to be so indispensable to every purpose of life, and almost even to existence itself. India, Persia, Assyria, Judæa, Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, the nations of Asia Minor, including Tyre and its dependencies, all arrived at civilization and comfort without the current use of cash, and carried on their extensive mercantile and manufactory transactions, merely by bartering commodities in kind—bullion being reckoned amongst those commodities. These nations were populous, almost beyond credibility, and transported their produce, manufactories, and other merchandises in ships of Tyre and Tarshish from Ophir, and the utmost Indian Isle (which is believed to have been Ceylon), to Gaul and our own Cassiterides. We regret that it is not in our power to accompany the lecturer further in his important and interesting inquiry, but must conclude with a brief historical notice of money in England.

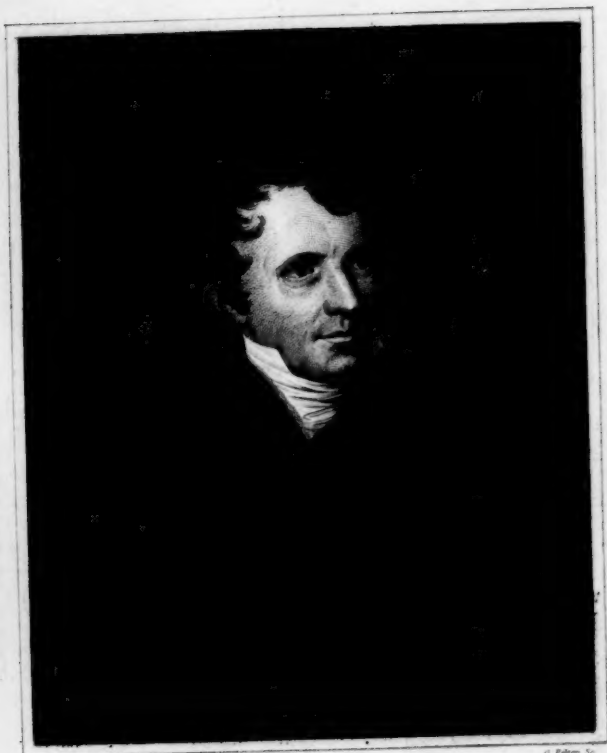
Coined golden money appears to have existed here as early as the reign of Cunobelin, the father of Caractacus, but there is reason to believe its use reached not far beyond the payment of British tributes to Rome, where larger and more ponderous articles of property could not easily have been transmitted; since Adam Smith informs us, that the Saxon Kings of England, for several ages after Cunobelin, record their revenues not in money, but in kind, that is to say, in cattle, corn, and the more enduring species of provisions. William the Conqueror introduced the custom of paying the royal revenues in cash: the money, however, was for a long time received at the Exchequer by weight, and not by tale.

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Painted by M. Alford

G. F. Palmer, Sc.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPY."

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